

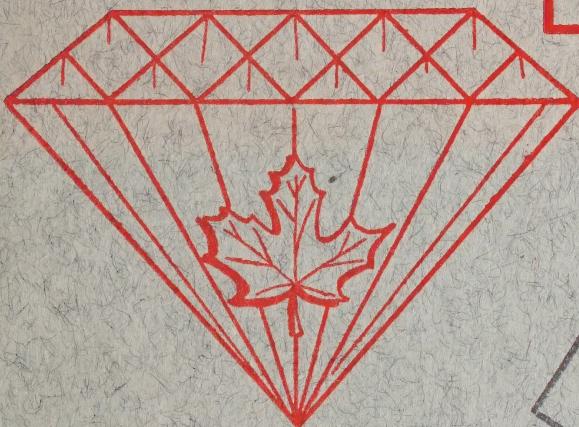
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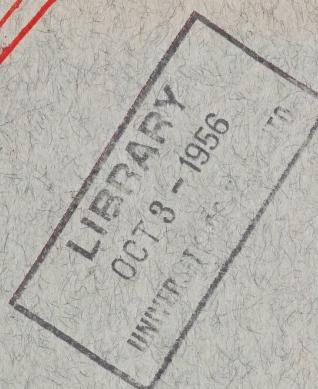
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C.B.



at *Justice Only*

at *Hall of Fame*

at *A Tall Man and His Friend*

at *Strange Man Strange Mind*

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THE DIAMOND

Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.

(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,
Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.

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Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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COLLIN'S BAY

DIAMOND

JUNE

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

..... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL (Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL (Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan,
M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

..... A Philosopher

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Editorial

Equality

EQUALITY, according to the dictionary, is — sameness or equal to each other. And as we live in a democratic Dominion and equality is part of democracy, we feel the title will prove to be quite suitable as we unfold.

As inmates of a federal penitentiary we closely follow the news as brought to us through the daily newspapers and over the various radio stations. And as the case of shut-ins everywhere in the world, we pay very close attention to what the papers and radio have to say. The cases being tried in the criminal courts are given very close scrutiny by us inhabitants to see who is being tried, whether or not they are convicted, and lastly, what sentence they receive. This is not done morbidly. We are genuinely interested, and in some instances we are acquainted with the people involved. Further, we keep comparison tab on what is being done in the way of sentencing. More about sentencing later on.

We shall start this part of our editorial with some logical questions. When you are faced with a problem, what is the first thing you do? You investigate, do you not? You attempt to get to the root of the situation, you try to gather all the facts pertaining to the quandary before you, and proceed to deal with it. Are we not right?

However, this is the way you would handle the situation, although the law courts do not. There is no investigation of a man's past before he is sentenced if he is a first offender — the lack of a record proves the fact. Failing the presentation of a record there is no investigating team to ferret out facts as energetically as the Crown digs up a past criminal record to help swing the opinion of the court.

Why is it that 'A', no record, steadily employed, and with what appears to be a good

family background, for a fairly serious charge receives two years in penitentiary while 'B', practically a parallel in employment, family background, but with 'a few connections' for the same fairly serious charge receives a reformatory sentence? What has determined the variance in sentence? The only differing factor in these two identical cases is 'a few connections.' In many instances, 'a connection' or two is much more valuable than a higher-quality lawyer.

Now what has the accused access to in the way of help: nothing neutral and uninterested, that is for sure. He may be fortunate and have a well respected and reputable employer volunteer to go into court and give him a real character reference. If he has been a steady church-goer and attended the one church for a good number of years, and is well-known by the priest or minister and a few respected members of the congregation, then he has their support. Immediate family, of course, rally to the cause, but it would be most unusual for father, mother, sisters and brothers not to have something good to say about their own close kin. And we feel that everyone else who is apt to be concerned with a criminal case is just as aware of this as we are. So much for what the accused man has said for him in the way of a good or helping word. We shall carry on with what we feel would be helpful, not only to the accused, but to the community as a whole.

We feel an investigational office should be set up with a staff of trained workers who would investigate the background of each person accused of a crime. These workers should be chosen for their intelligence and tolerance — an examination could be given for these prospective investigation officers to sit. And psychological questions asked so that assurance is given the applicants are fit for the

important public service they are to perform.

With this set up, as soon as a man is arrested, the investigation begins: school records are gone through, home life checked, and a survey made of neighbours and friends. Work habits could be easily and diplomatically checked and the whole background of the offender made into a clear concise report for the presiding judge or magistrate to go over beforehand. Surely this would not be too difficult or lengthy a task for trained, neutral investigators to perform, and think of the fairness that would then prevail in trials. Or is it too much to suggest? This at present does not concern us — we are sentenced — but we daily see and hear the results of one-sided investigations and presentations in courtrooms.

Quite often we hear two fellow-inmates talking like this: 'You only got two years for breaking and entering, eh? Well, believe me, you are very lucky — it is my first time, too, and I got four years.' Or this, 'Sure, this is my second time — my first bit I served in Burwash the same as you did, and yet you receive five years and I only got three years. I cannot understand it, I was lucky.' So it goes, the man carrying the large piece of time feels unfairly dealt with and from a point of fairness, he has been. When you go to buy a standard brand name of cigarettes you do not expect to pay more than your neighbour, do you? Of course not.

The present system is influenced by many factors, social position, public opinion and the attitude of the local press. Plus the type of lawyer the accused can afford, if any. And may we be so bold as to suggest the humour and general physical feelings of the sentencing dignitary on the day sentence is passed. Now we have reached the point where the man has been found guilty — we go on with our suggestion from here.

The men chosen as competent for the job of giving a pre-sentence report to a court of law should also have a real knowledge of where their report is going to send a man, if it is adverse. By the investigation they have made they should have a very good idea — at least a first-hand on-the-spot picture of what the man is, and his nature and habits. This report should be forwarded to the reception centre in which he (the offender) will find himself if he is convicted and sentenced.

The reception centre would be a dream for any modern penologist to have fulfilled, and

it would be of infinite help to offenders of all ages. They would be segregated for the necessary number of weeks needed to fully classify and scientifically study their cases. There would be physicians, vocation counsellors, psychologists, sociologists and clergymen. And in cases where it was considered necessary, a plastic surgeon and a dental surgeon. Have we covered everything there without overdoing it? We think so.

For the first time in his life the convicted man would be fully classified by experts and besides this, the pre-sentence report would be right there with his complete history for the qualified experts to base their findings on — complete, foolproof, scientific and, most important, truthful.

With the complete findings of this fully competent board and their judgment as recommended, the man could then be sent to the type of institution best suited to rehabilitate and rebuilt him. Maximum security, minimum security or an open prison like the institutions the United States are now using and from which they are achieving such marvelous results. Honour camps some of these open prisons are called.

Just as various types of treatment are needed for the various types of criminals, various types of prisons are needed to house them. Some men, of course, could never be sent to minimum security prisons, some could never be sent to open prisons, but the classification board would send the men to the prison best suited to them and there their treatment would be assured and the amount of bitterness saved would be more than worthwhile.

Seagoville in Texas is one of the finest examples of an open prison. No tower guards, no weapons, no walls around it. Instead of cells they have dormitories with decent private rooms, and each inmate carries the key to his own room. Every man, no matter what his reputation, is a trusty and of the five thousand men sent there in the last eleven years, less than sixty have escaped. And nearly all these have been recaptured. Why do not more simply walk out? Here is the way the inmate feel. 'Nobody likes being in prison — prison is prison, and this place isn't easy. Its just that the officers trust you to begin with and don't heave you around like a sack of garbage when they talk to you. They give you facts, not threats.'

One man said 'when I arrived here two years ago I figured the place for a pushover. Only

In the Land of Oobopshebam

Rocco Morissetti

ONCE UPON A TIME in the land of Oobopshebam there lived a little girl named Mae. One day Mae's mother said "honey you can sit the next set out in the backyard if you promise not to goof off and get lost.??

"Mommy-o" said Maesie heading for the yard "dis is de place."

"Crazy" said her mother, returning to her household chores.

For a while Mae was content to play in the backyard, but finally she became bored and decided to see a bit of the world. Wandering out through the back gate she soon found herself in a deep, dark forest. In no time she was hopelessly lost and here terror mounted as she perceived that it was getting quite dark.

Suddenly in the distance Mae saw a light flickering in the darkness and with hopes high, she ran toward it. The light, she soon learned, came from a strange little house in the middle of the forest, a house she had never seen before. Fearfully she knocked on the door and, hearing no answer, entered. Inside the house she saw three chairs.

"Bless my soul" said Mae "the Three Sons must be working this spot." She next spied three steaming bowls of soup on a table.

"This joint must have just been raided" she said. "Looks like everybody cut out." Sampling the soup she learned that the largest bowl was very hot, the next bowl was very cool, and the littlest bowl was just right. Naturally she chose the cool bowl.

Feeling a bit weary she walked upstairs and found a bedroom with three beds in it.

"These dressing rooms on the road" Mae said to herself "are the lowest." Then, drowsy, she tried all three beds and finally lay down upon the smallest and fell asleep.

EDITORIAL

one thing stopped me — they had dumb faith in me.'

So there we are, a few suggestions, all at present in use in the United States, and all

Shortly thereafter the downstairs door banged open and in walked three bears.

"I smell Evening in Paris, or is it Two Days in Toronto" said Mama bear to her mate. "Gus, you've had a broad here."

"You're right out of your skull" said Papa bear, "although it does look as if somebody had eyes for the soup over there."

"I'm hip" said Mama bear, "and dig! the upstairs bedroom door is open."

"Weirdsville" said Baby bear, "this whole thing is real nervous."

"Lets fall upstairs" said the Papa bear, "and find out what the skam is."

So saying, the three bears climbed the stairs and walked into the bedroom where Mae lay sound asleep.

"Hey" said the Papa bear "somebodys been makin' it in my bed."

"Theres been a scuffle in my pad too" said Mama bear.

"I don't like to start idle gossip" said Baby bear, "but if you'll take it from the top you'll dig that there's a chick in my sack right now."

"So there is" said the Papa bear, shaking Mae gently. "Baby, wake up — you better check with the desk clerk."

Mae rolled over and numbled sleepily "Rocky, don't bug me, I'm beat."

"Nutty" said the Papa bear, "but you better call C.B.P. — they booked you into the wrong room."

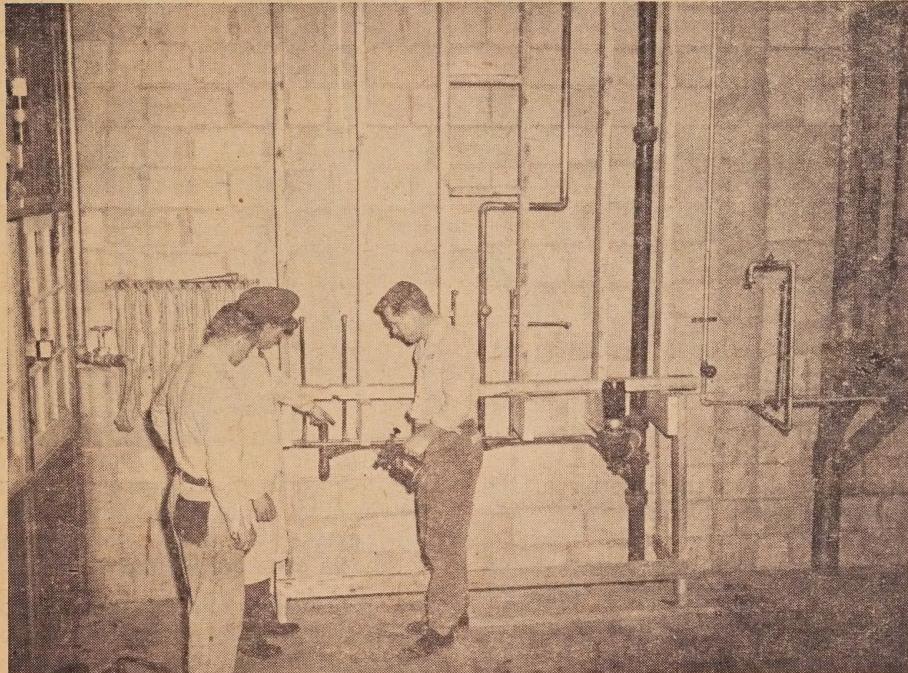
"Oh I'm sorry" said Mae perceiving her error at last, "forgive me for coming on so square."

And so the three bears took her downstairs and showed her the way to go home, and little Mae never again disobeyed her mother (or Rocky).

working. Proves that with scientific classification and trust in the right people can ease the work of keeping the right type in custody. And also makes the rehabilitation of these people much easier.

INSIDE COLLIN'S BAY

Continuing the Series of Articles and Pictures
Describing Life Behind the Walls of
Collin's Bay Penitentiary



The above photograph shows Mr. C.L. McQuaide the Plumbing and Heating school instructor giving a few of the fine points of plumbing to two of his students. The installation they are working on is a copper pipe project and is one of the many assemblies they put in during the twelve month course. A period of nine months is spent by the candidate in learning theory, the latter stage of which practical work is undertaken.

Arithmetic, draughting and blueprint reading are learned by the pupils, as an integral part of the regular training syllabus. A total of one working day in each week is set aside for study of the aforementioned subjects. Reference texts, trade manuals and precis are available to the students on the course from

the shelves of the Vocational Plumbing and Heating Shop library.

Among the many items and procedures learned by the pupils are the following: Steel and iron pipe and fittings, including the cutting and threading of the former; copper tubing and copper fittings; plumbing fixtures, such as water closet, lavatory, bath, kitchen sink and laundry tub; and lead work. Students are familiarized with the "wiping" of lead joints, how to swedge and flare copper, how to prepare a soil pipe layout, and how to complete a plumbing installation with faucets, supplies, traps, stops, shower valves, lead bends, floor flanges, ferrules, and roof flashings. The installation of a domestic hot water system is also studied in detail.

On completion of the course the student works on the institution's maintenance plumbing crew where he adds to the knowledge he has already gained. On his release the plumb-

bing graduate takes with his sufficient "know how" and skill to earn a fair salary and eventually become a licensed plumber.

*** *** *** ***



The above scene shows the interior of the Vocational Sheet Metal Course Shop. The course offered by this shop is also of twelve months length and normally consists of ten pupils. The syllabus is so designed that the embryo sheet metal man gets a real grounding in the trade.

Each candidate has his own work-bench, kit of hand tools and text books pertaining to the sheet metal trade. The student also receives instruction on all machinery used in the trade as shown in the photograph by the class instructor Mr. G.A. Irvine.

On the display board in the background are shown the many projects each student must lay out and make up. These fittings are de-

signed to cover all layout systems such as: Radial line, parallel line and triangulation and the various combinations of each type.

Shown are such fittings as cones, Y branches, T branches, elbows, (round and rectangular), roof flanges and caps, transitions, reverse elbows, bullheads etc.

Heating is also taught and oil conversion is thoroughly gone into as are the different types of heating such as, forced hot air and gravity flow.

When the student completes his course he may also be employed by the institution's sheet metal shop and spend the balance of his sentence adding to his store of knowledge.

Preamble:

All men, however guilty of crime, are entitled to certain minimum rights if they are allowed to live. Every prisoner is entitled to these rights simply because he is a human being in the sight of God.

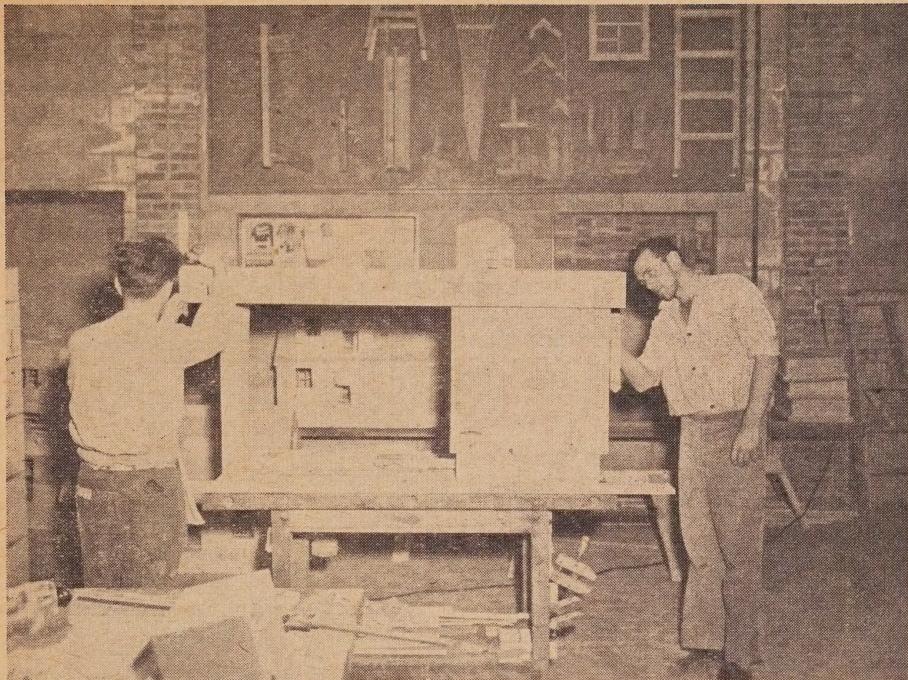
Article 1 — Clean places to sleep, live, and work, with sunlight and fresh air: privacy at least at night.

Article 2 — Sufficient, wholesome, healthful and appetizing food.

Article 3 — Medical attention adequate to rebuild and maintain health.

Article 4 — The opportunity to worship God voluntarily and decently.

Article 5 — The opportunity to prove ability to regain privileges of citizenship and to become socially useful.



Vocational Carpentry Shop is covered by the above picture and shown are two students putting the finishing touches on a modernistic desk, one of their projects on the carpentry course. This desk should be seen at close hand to be thoroughly appreciated, it is actually a masterpiece, but this is getting off the theme. One other project is the building of a scale model house and rest assured they are scale models, perfect in every detail.

On the display board may be seen some of the objects of carpentry made by the students over the course of the instructional year. Each pupil has his own work-bench and as he advances in his training he is permitted to use a variety of power tools.

The Vocational shop is very well equipped with power tools and the student carpenter is carefully instructed in their use. Draughting, blueprint reading and related subjects are taught and each man is thoroughly grounded in all phases of carpentry.

On graduation the graduate of the Vocational Carpentry School may be employed by the institution's carpenter shop and again, although it is a repetition, the embryo carpenter in this employment adds to his knowledge of the trade.

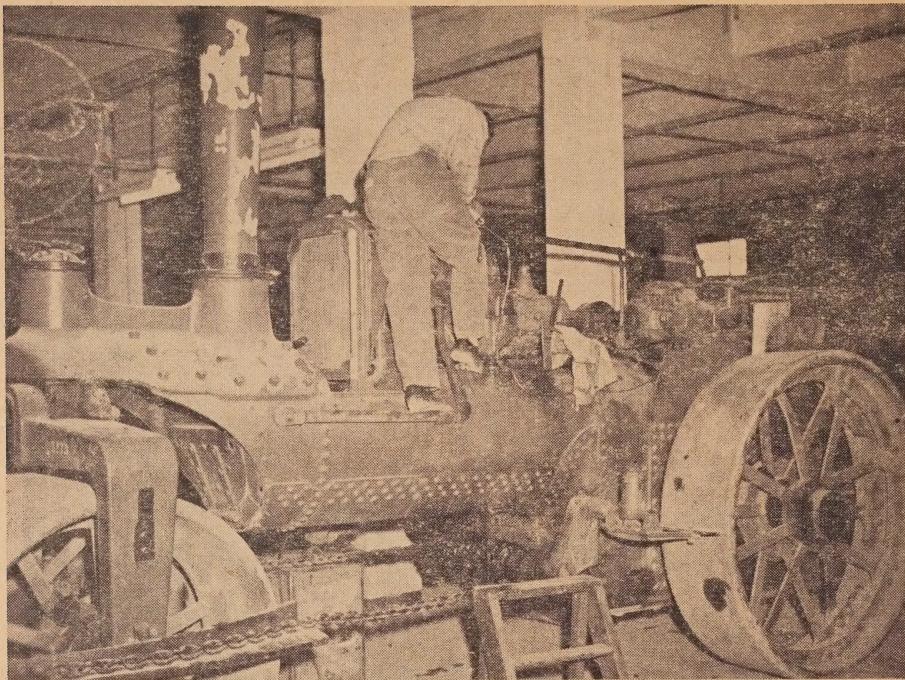
The Vocational Carpentry School is under the direction of Mr. D.L. Hornbeck.

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WHIPPING BOY

Comes summer now to cheer us on,
Winters forgotten, the snow has gone,
We'll live the warm days to their end,
Then comes September and fall will blend
Into the summer bringing red and gold,
Forerunner of winter and its cold.
Round and round the seasons spin,
Each the other ushering in,
The small space tween seasons unnamed,
Seems to be the one that's blamed,
For anything quite unexpected,
'Tis nameless yet it's not neglected.

Gunner.



Spring is here and the work of getting the rollers and heavy machinery ready for the summer months is well under way. This photo was taken in the construction garage where such equipment as rollers, trucks, cement mixers, power shovel are housed serviced and maintained. The roller in the picture was built here in the "Bay" and is powered by a V eight motor which supplies ample power for the varied uses it is put to.

The constructional garage is run by Mr. G.H. Nurse who has been on the staff of the "Bay" for twenty six years. He is assisted by

eighteen inmates in his job and these inmates are kept busy maintaining the forty units of the garage.

Some of the heavy farm machinery at times is repaired by this garage and the fire engines are serviced by this department as is the heavy machinery of the quarry.

So there you have an idea of the construction garage and the work the inmates do who are employed in it, a big job, but no matter what they are called on to do it is done, and well done.

STOP AND LAUGH

Then there is the story about two drunks who were driving home one evening after a particularly heavy session with the grape. After an hour of aimless driving they decided they were lost, they argued for a while then resumed driving. Finally the one driving said to his companion, "We are back in the city." "How do you know?" his passenger asked.

"Well we seem to be knocking down more people."

Socrates very sagely answered this one. A friend of his asked, "Do you think it is better for a man to marry or remain single?"

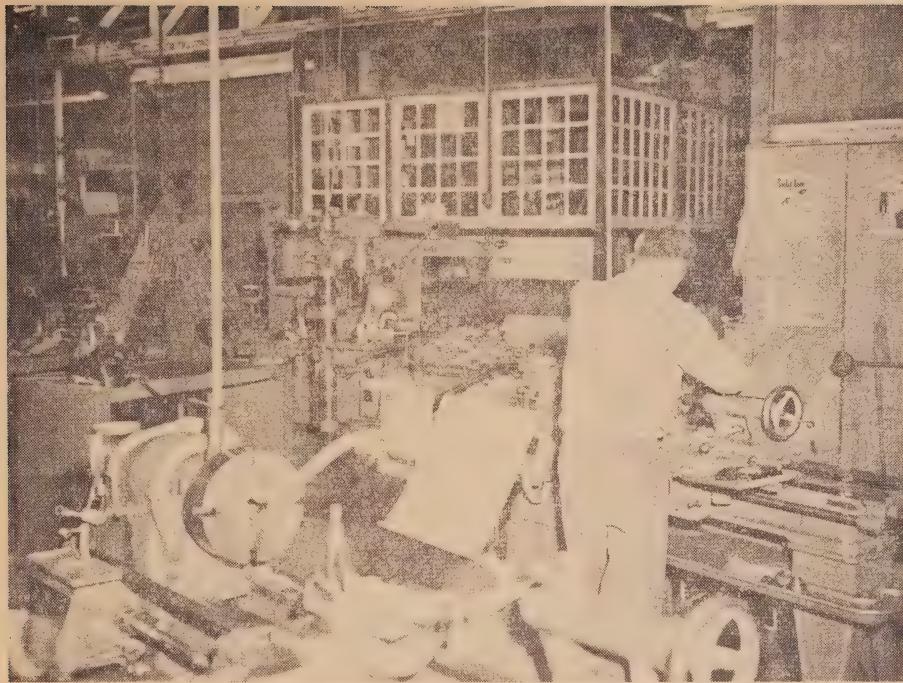
Socrates replied, "Let him take which course he will, he will repent of it."

Once upon a time in the long ago when gnus were plentiful there was a gnu known to all his friends as Hugh the blue gnu. His journeys were many and at times long. Returning from one lengthy trip of some three years duration he said to his wife Gertrude, "Any gnus?"

Gertrude immediately answered, "No gnus." Hugh's reply is to this day often quoted, "No gnus is good gnus."

The patient was lying on the stretcher waiting to be pushed into the operating room. "I am so nervous," he remarked to a sympathetic young woman standing nearby "This is my first operation."

"So am I," said the young lady, "my husband is the doctor and it is his first too."



Now we come to the Vocational Machine Shop and find an inmate doing a bit of work on a lathe. There are two machine shops one is Vocational and the other is Industrial. The Vocational Shop is under the supervision of Mr. A.J. Bignon and the Industrial Shop is run by Mr. J.P. Fowler.

The Vocational School is extremely well equipped with modern machinery and the following list covers some of the machines: En-

gine lathe, bench lathes, drill lathes, milling machines, grinders (floor) cylindrical grinder, cutter grinders, powers saws, shapers benches, vertical shaper, surface grinder, punch and heat ovens or forges.

Draughting, blueprint reading and mathematics are also taught and again a man can pick up a thorough grounding of the machine shop trade during the year he spends on the course.

...@...@...

The editor of a small town newspaper sent a notice to one, Bill Jones that his subscription had expired. The notice was returned to the editor with the laconic scrawl, "So's Bill".

The Mexican ambassador to the United States was attending a banquet in Washington. The British ambassador was seated next to him. After some idle chit-chat the Britisher said to the Mexican, "Your people amaze me old boy, they are so slight in stature and yet so warlike, tell me, why is it?"

The Mexican turned to a waiter and asked him to bring him a mouse. When the mouse arrived in a small cage the Mexican ambassador requested a small drink of the famous Mexican tequila.

This he fed to the mouse with an eye-dropper. When the mouse had imbibed the drink he shuddered all over and exclaimed in a high

voice, "Bring me a cat."

The Mexican raised his shoulders and said to the Britisher, "Now you understand."

*** *** ***

"It is very hard, your honour, to be hanged for horse stealing," said the convicted horse thief.

"You are not to be hanged, sir" answered the judge, "for stealing a horse; but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

*** *** ***

A disciple came to Mohammed and said:

"Master, my brethren are all asleep and I alone have remained awake to worship Allah."

Mohammed replied:

"And you too had better been asleep, if your worship of Allah consists of accusations against your brethren."



The above picture shows three of the Vocational Motor Mechanics working on the front wheel assembly of a vehicle. Every phase of repair work is taught to the student mechanic and the shop is very well equipped with modern machinery and technical equipment.

Mr. M.S. Derrick is the mechanical instructor in Vocational Motor Mechanics and Mr. A.F. Babcock is in charge of the maintenance floor. When a pupil graduates from the vocational school he is employed by either the maintenance garage or in some cases by the constructional garage as a mechanic.

As in all Vocational Training particular stress is placed on orthodox work habits and safety precautions. In addition the related training subjects, Draughting and Shop Ma-

thematics, are taught.

Films are one of the many methods used to illustrate the working parts of motors and cut-aways are on view in the classrooms. These, along with a well stocked library give the pupils plenty of technical assistance.

It would sound too much like a catalogue of garage equipment if a list of equipment to be found in the garage were given, however, there is a Sun-test machine. This is used for diagnosing motor ailments and a wheel alignment and steering apparatus.

So from this completely modern and well equipped school men are turned out well grounded in automotive mechanics and employed on the maintenance floor until such time as they leave the "Bay."



BAY FOG

Fog-horn's moan blankets the bay,
Waves are stilled along the quay,
Enveloping fog in fingers creeps,
Across silent water, city sleeps.

Ship by ghostly mist are shrouded,
Ship's lights are deeply clouded,
Familiar sights are quite unreal,
The fog on all has placed it's seal.

Traffic on the water ceases,
Insidious vapour slowly eases,

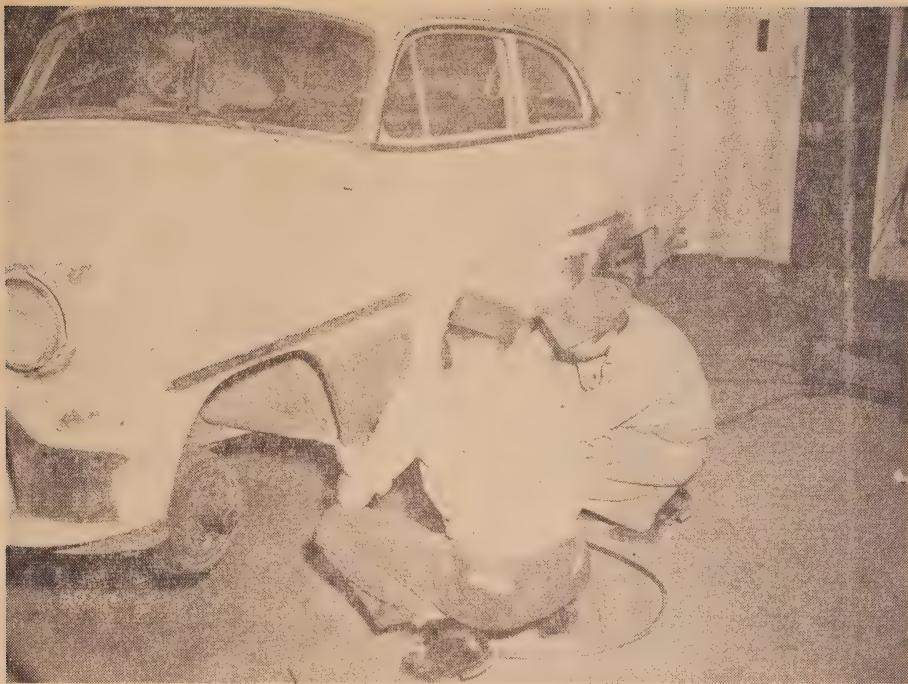


Along every wharf and creek,,
Mighty ships are cowed and meek.

Nothing stirs, nature commands,
Vessels held by viselike bands ,
Lacy tendrils, strong as steel
Reinforced by bell-buoys peal.

Man's turbine driven metal carriers,
Bow in defeat to fog's impenetrable barriers,,
All lake traffic comes to rest,
At nature's lowering fog's behest.

Gunner



This is a scene inside the "Bay" Auto Body and Paint Shop, a very complete and well run department. In this shop it is possible to rebuild a car's body and the workmanship is equal to any work executed in an outside shop.

The two inmates shown are spraying a repair job on a fender, on completion the repair will be very difficult to pick out from the balance of the body.

Some of the jobs brought in to this shop

have seemed absolutely hopeless wrecks, but after a few days of patient and skilful work they have once again been recognizable as automobiles.

This branch of the garage is located behind the Vocational Auto Mechanics School and many of the budding mechanics pick up pointers on how to do small body repairs from the fellows in the Paint and Body Shop.

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YOUTH

Soft song heard on summer night,
Wafted by a vagrant breeze,
Tells a story, starts a thought,
Gives a jaded mind release.

Daytime din and noontime heat
Fade into forgotten things,
Night-time musing, so relaxed,
Stops, and to the music clings.

Someone loving, happy, singing,
Would that life were one long June.
Drink deep of early summer's pleasure,
It passes quickly — soon, too soon.

Youth, treading lightly sunny paths,
Cares not that age must end the story,
So quaff this magic potion now
From golden chalice, l'elisir d'amore.

Le Vallee



Last but not least is the Vocational Brickmasons School, the mason posing with the trowel is one of the Diamond writers. He is taking the Brickmasonry course and writes for the Diamond in his spare time, this is one man who has gained a great deal of knowledge during the time he has spent on the course.

The project in the picture is a barbecue and is one of the many projects a man erects during the period the course is carried on, marks are given on each projects as it is finished.

This course as well as all other courses is taught blueprint reading, draughting, and

mathematics, one day a week is spent in the schoolroom on these subjects. All types of brick laying are taught and anything new in the trade is passed on to the student, the course is very complete.

On graduation the student mason is employed by the regular Mason Crew in the institution and is kept quite busy during the summer months on the new buildings going up in the penitentiary. This adds to the experience of the student who is seriously interested in the bricklaying trade and many points are learned under working conditions.

A great many times I have heard people say, "It's my life, I'll do what I want with it." But stop for a moment....THINK....is it really their life? Does it not belong to their friends, families, society and the future generations? You may well ask, "What have I to do with the future generations?" Nothing....except that they will look back to our generations for examples. And it will matter not if the examples are good or bad, for we today look back upon the past seeking beacons to guide us through life.

Yes, you, no matter who you may be, leave footprints in the sands of time. But beware which way they head, for they cannot be erased. It is up to you and you alone. You determine where your feet will lead. Set your eye upon some high goal and if you don't reach the top you will still be close to it. Always keep in mind the idea that your life is a memorial that is different from any other, but still belonging to the human race.

Build your life as an engineer would build a memorial, such as the Washington Monument. First he picks out good solid ground — your life. Next he cuts down trees, and cleans out bushes and stones — hate, greed and lust. Now he lays the foundation — the basic principles of right. And finally starts brick by brick, until he reaches the top — just as you can use kindness, charity and love as your building stones. Follow this simple way of life, and you will be great and your life will be a memorial for mankind.

—George E. Schwenk Jr.

JUNE SIXTH

Bill Jones

BEFORE you read further look at your calendar and think for a moment what June 6th means to you. Is it the completion of three months, six months, one year of your sentence? Is it the half-way mark? Are you 'short time' now? Regardless of where it may fall within your sentence, it marks another day nearer to freedom. At the moment of writing this affects some four hundred men within these walls.

Twelve years ago this same date meant just the same thing to more than FOUR HUNDRED MILLION men, women and children living at that time in Europe. June 6th, 1944 was D-Day, the day on which the Allies made their assault and first landing on the European continent after having been driven out some four years earlier under the pile-driver blows and relentless might of the German Army. We think the comparison is apt but with these two differences: our number is relatively small and our term of imprisonment is definite. To that vast mass of humanity who had been ruthlessly enslaved by the maniacal lust for power of Adolf Hitler, there was no end in sight to their bondage until June 6th, when fortress Europe was successfully invaded on the Normandy beachhead.

The last war is an actuality within the memories of all of us, but to those who were mature at the time, this seemingly endless nightmare of horror and inhuman cruelty will ever leave its mark as the darkest page in all history. Hitler, a genius in a diabolical way, had coaxed, cajoled and coerced several countries into the orbit of Greater Germany without a finger being raised to stop him. He had built up, in violation of the Treaty of Versailles, an air-force, army and U-boat navy that, once they started to operate, bombed, shot and sank their way to within a gasp of conquering the world.

Using the 'great lie' of capitalist encirclement on the one hand and the Communist bogey on the other, he had whipped the brilliant race over which he ruled to a warlike frenzy based on fear: then, as lightning-like successes followed each other, promised his people the world. They followed him blindly and, seemingly with few exceptions, he blinded the

statesman of England and France. Only when he demanded a corridor through Poland to the sea did the British and French admit they had been hood-winked and duped, and decided to call his bluff. At this point he wasn't bluffing.

From September 1939 to June 1940 the German army, air-force and U-boats battered to their knees every free country in Europe and drove the British Expeditionary Force into every type of naval craft that could evacuate them from Dunkirk. Hitler was now indeed master of Europe. From June 1940 to June 1944 uncounted millions perished under his mailed fist, and even after tackling Russia, he waged ruthless and relentless warfare on all fronts simultaneously.

As the months lengthened into years the despair of millions became blacker and blacker and there seemed no end to the atrocities committed. Only after D-Day was hope kindled in the breasts of the prisoners and, despite unheard-off masses of men, material and planes, frightful fighting lasted for eleven months before this colossus was bested.

During this eleven months, small communities, then cities, and finally countries were liberated. The blood-baths and mass murders that had been committed during the four preceding years were gradually unfolded as the Allies battled their way inland to the lair of the beast in Berlin. These grisly horrors we need not reprint here.

Finally, Freedom! The titanic task of rebuilding broken bodies, broken homes, broken hope and broken faith continues today, but the first real ray of light into the European dungeon dawned on June 6th twelve years ago. Many of us older men here were in England on that day, and some were in Europe under the iron heel. No matter in what position we found ourselves, we were living under abnormal conditions, either away from home or in slavery.

On June 6th, for the first time in several years, a definite end to our enforced separation or imprisonment appeared. As we remember what it meant to some four hundred millions then, we like to think what June 6th means to some four hundred this year — a day nearer freedom.

STRANGE MAN, STRANGE MIND

John Zik

THROUGHOUT our country today, mothers look at their children with concern. Along with polio, tuberculosis, influenza and other killer and maimer diseases, an old terror has taken on new and ugly proportions: the sex deviate. While men and money are continually being poured into the struggle against the former, the latter moves along relentlessly — unchecked. Medical men are forced to admit that very little is known about the abnormalities of the sex offender and to date the only treatment suggested is incarceration for life. In other words, permanent quarantine. In biblical days we see that a form of this type treatment was followed, in all cases of mental illness that posed a threat to the community. It is remarkable to note that in over two thousand years of scientific achievement, this same custom is advocated. It can be referred to as a custom rather than a treatment without too much fear of censure: or will an insane person in such a case long for the company of his fellow man to such an extent that he will proceed to make himself sane.

It is true that in most cases of mental illness there are cures. Long and tedious hours are spent in effecting these cures by men and women who have recognized humanity's need and unselfishly offered to serve. Canada has mental institutions that are overcrowded and understaffed, understaffed because they are underpaid. In spite of these existing conditions people still walk out of these hospitals cured — a tribute to the man and women who work against seemingly hopeless odds. No one will argue the point that a person who begins to show serious signs of mental derangement should be immediately hospitalized. If a person were to be apprehended exposing himself to a group of school children, or performing any number of various obscene acts, what procedure would be followed? A rather strange one to say the least. He would be led into a courtroom and there receive a prison sentence from thirty days to twenty years or so. He would then be transported to the decided prison and there serve the sentence. On his release he would be given a train ticket and whatever

sum of money he had coming. In most cases he will return to the city where he received his sentence, unless it is a small town. He is in every respect the same person that was imprisoned. There has been absolutely nothing done for him insofar as his type of mental sickness goes, because there are no facilities in prisons to tackle this problem. So back he comes, as is. The procedure is tantamount to expecting the insane to become sane on their own initiative. What an unique answer to the mental question that is engulfing the world. It leads one to wonder who are the madmen.

How many times have we watched the reaction of the public when a sex deviate strikes. Like a sleeping lion stirred from its placidity, a deafening roar ensues. They scream for the head of the offender. They scream for immediate steps to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the same thing, and they scream for a solution to the problem — and justly so — but isn't it a pity that emotion rules the day. For when this is the case, intelligence sleeps while emotion speaks. In the dim light of emotion, how can one see the sex offender as he really is — as a person suffering from a serious mental illness? Who else but a very sick person would hold such abnormal desires and twisted lusts? That the situation is deplorable and not one to be tolerated is certainly so, but what is to be done?

If the courts were to take it on themselves to send these people to a mental hospital, the public would be outraged. They would feel that he has gotten off too lightly. They have been injured and want to see retaliation made by the courts. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' was the law of the ancients, but the greatest teacher the world has ever known changed that for reasons infinite. That the significance of the lash would be wasted on such a person few people would care to admit. Nor will they let themselves realize that after the sex deviate has finished his prison term and is returned to them, there will be no assurance that he won't repeat his singular performance, due to the fact that nothing was done to this individual to expect him to return

to normal thinking. Until the cry for blood dies down, caution is necessary. The approach to any problem is always of the utmost importance. After say ten years of devoted work on something, the workers want to look back and feel gratified with the evidence of fruitful results, not discouraged to learn that they are still crying in the wilderness.

Permanent imprisonment? A rather dangerous idea to toy with. Give this proposal the proper scope and what does one see? Every sex offender — and there are many — a potential murderer, because his is the crime of darkness or lonely places — the crime that in most cases has only one witness — the victim. The death penalty will hang over that innocent person's head when the deviate knows that only that witness stands between him and life imprisonment. The number of sex crimes that today stand unsolved and even unreported are evidence what law enforcement agencies are up against in apprehending the guilty in these cases. In most cases the offender is what you would term an average individual, a good worker and conscientious member of society. In a surprising number of instances he will be a respectable family man. These and many other good reasons are why sex crimes are not easy to solve, and why care must be used in seeking the final solution. One mustn't lose foresight in his desire to see the sex deviate punished because far more important than he are the children. They must be able to go to

the corner store with safety from this menace: they must be able to play in their playgrounds, and enjoy the happiness of childhood — something that is their right and something that is irreplaceable. These are the rights of not only your children but their, and their, and their childrens' children. To ensure them of this it is the duty of this generation to find an effective and lasting solution to this gruesome threat. It is entirely within the province of medical science, and it will be one of their members who will eventually find it. There is no sure, over-night cure, no wonder drug for this disease, but their is a cure. The job is to discover it without losing the fundamental virtue of charity. One mustn't in anger forget that vengeance is not the right of the injured, no matter how deeply wounded they may be. Such a thing is not easy: that is why heaven, perhaps, has only a narrow gate. Mob violence has to be avoided even if it is only an intellectual form of mob action, because any mob is bereft of its senses. If possible the sex deviate should be hospitalized as soon as signs of abnormality appear BUT not hopelessly confined. The fact that Canada is able to give millions to under-developed countries is proof that she can afford any sum that is necessary to prevent the horror that strikes a mother's heart when she hears those terrible words 'your child was last seen talking to a strange man.'

FLASH—STOP THE PRESS!

MARTY MOLE MICKS-DUPP 3rd.

We are sure our fellows-in-failure will welcome the news that we now have among us that bon vivant, that gay (and we use it loosely) man-about-town and erstwhile member of the horsey set, Marty Mole Micks-Dupp 3rd. Marty has long been a member of international society, and has written for some of the better known society columns of big city newspapers. His keen sense of humor and rapier-like wit have caused many a snicker and outright guffaw among the many feather-headed readers of other periodicals. During his stay at our year-round resort he has promised to contribute a brief articlue or bon-mot each and every month, but only on condition that he will be read and appreciated. Marty is immediately starting a campaign with Administration for the installation of three swimming pools on the grounds — one filled with fresh water for the lake and river bathers, one with salt water for those who have swam in the ocean, and a third with no water in it — for those who don't swim. We heartily recommend his work and his reports monthly will be a highlight in the field of inconsequential trivia.

He wears drape trousers, tripled soled shoes, a "wheel" hat, a long jacket with padded shoulders, license back and front, number 0012. A shock of hair protruding beneath the peak of his cap, mean, closely-set little eyes, a big nose, large ears, a cigarette holder, his lighter on a chain, at odd times he smokes cigars. He is employed on the cleaners but has ideas about a change of work, these ideas you will see unfolded as time goes on.

He makes his first appearance next month, the artist responsible for this masterpiece is Nick Gabanyicz.

MONTHLY REPRINT

From **PRESIDIO**, by REED COZART, United States Pardon Attorney

NEEDED....OPPORTUNITY

IT should be a basic assumption that prisoners are people. They are members of society who have broken society's rules and are officially required to pay some penalty for the infraction. It is also assumed that the penalty imposed has for its purpose punishment, deterrence, protection of society, or rehabilitation and restoration of the offender to society. All of these factors could be present.

Penalties include fines, jail sentences, probation, and prison sentences. For the purpose of this discussion, only the last named will be of concern.

Unless the particular prison is used for some special purpose and houses a special group of prisoners, it is usually a mirror of the population which it serves. By that I mean that the prisoners or inmates will usually be typical in most respects of the people residing on the outside. This is a fact prison administrators and the public should always understand and keep in mind. The persons inside a prison are just as favourably responsive to good, fair, and just treatment as those on the outside. And likewise they will respond adversely to cruel and unjust treatment.

If the public could realize that people are committed to prisons as punishment for correction and not for punishment, nor to be beat down and degraded, then many of our troubles would disappear. Charges of country clubs, coddling, and pampering would diminish.

When we recognise that prisoners are members of society and need an opportunity to improve themselves, then we should build our prison plants, establish our prison community climates, and develop our programs for that purpose.

I would like to state here that while I realize there are some people so radical, so defiant of authority, so unstable and even dangerous, as to require maximum custody, restraint and supervision, the large majority of them can be supervised and handled without the traditional prison bars and cages. Even those who initially

need caging or locking up frequently become more tractable after a period of intensive study and treatment that helps them to mature. Of course, there are always a few who rarely arrive at that point where they need no restraint.

It will not be my purpose to dwell on the physical plant, as it is of least importance — except to say that I am glad more emphasis is now being placed on the open type institution where it is not considered necessary to lock up and guard the prisoners. We are going to have to learn to trust our prisoners more and eliminate the terrific expense of prison construction and guarding.

A worthwhile program, intelligently planned to meet the needs of the inmates, carried out by qualified and dedicated personnel, will go a long way toward meeting the objections of penalties mentioned earlier. No fads and sensational departures are necessary. Just so the inmates are given the opportunity to live a life that has some semblance of normally while under confinement and they have a chance to learn to think for themselves, accept responsibilities, and become self-reliant, we need not worry about gadgets and the like.

The factor of prime importance to be considered is personnel. Prison work does not pay well and consequently it is hard to find people basically qualified to enter this important work. Too often employees are selected for political reasons. It also seems to be a practice for some people of sadistic tendencies to enter law enforcement and correctional work. In other words, some people who cannot be their own bosses at home or on the job seek employment where they have authority over others and misuse or abuse it. Some persons who are maladjusted themselves come into correctional work and attempt to help to correct other maladjusted people. This is a sad and disappointing situation and results in dismal failure and frustration for all concerned.

So, not only should employees have qualifications of technical knowledge, intelligence,

education, physique, etc.: they should be properly adjusted emotionally and socially. They surely must be able to exercise proper self-control before 'they' can successfully assume control over others.

Of course, it is fundamentally true that a prison program should be realistic. Men and women should have an opportunity to perform work that is meaningful, productive and self-satisfying. Rock breaking — boondoggling of any type — is a waste of manpower and taxpayers' money. Opportunities should be given for people to acquire skills — if they possess basic qualifications — that can be capitalized upon in post-release life.

If an institution is strongly regimented, it should provide a period of and opportunity for training pre-releasess, so there will not be such a drastic readjustment for the releasee. In other words, a good pre-release program, particularly for those who have been confined for several years, is a MUST in a well-run institution.

Such pre-release programs take different forms, but they usually include instructions from the staff and the parole officials concerning the necessary 'red tape'; a series of meetings in groups where representatives of business, organised labour, law enforcement agencies and the clergy explain and answer questions concerning current problems the releases will encounter in the community. Such programs usually include plans for wearing discharge clothing and residence in a relaxed atmosphere during a short period to release. Also trips to town with employees, vacations from jobs, and other 'tapering off' plans are used.

I will not dwell upon such basic things as adequate and decent housing conditions, nutritious food — well planned, prepared, and served — fair disciplinary practices, and ade-

quate suitable clothing. I WILL stress, however, the need for bringing into an abnormal regimented prison community life as much of normalcy as possible.

I am speaking of liberal and relaxed writing and visiting privileges where the family ties are maintained and strengthened. An opportunity for the families to eat lunch — either picnic style or in the institution cafeteria — with the prisoner on visiting days is very helpful to inmate and family alike.

Adequate libraries, schools, Alcoholic Anonymous chapters, pen clubs, book reviews, personality-development classes, organised athletics, card tournaments and record clubs all play their part in helping inmates to socialize themselves. Particularly is this true when community organisations such as churches and service clubs actively participate in such programs. This is very easy to do in open institutions such as Chino and Seagoville where there is some type of activity available to each inmate during the hours he is not at work, at meals, or asleep.

These activities do more than add lustre to an otherwise very regimented and drab existence. They also help teach people to learn to live together better. They teach good sportsmanship, self-reliance, self-confidence, and prepare people to be ready to accept life in a normal community.

I have heard the personal testimony of people who have experienced both types of community life and have seen statistics of the post-release results from both types of institutions. The program of the open type has certainly much to recommend it. Happily, more inmates are capable of participating in and deriving benefit from this type of prison community life. The climate or setting for such programs is very important and prison administrators cannot afford to overlook the fact.

•••••

GREATNESS

For four years Thomas Wilson of Terre Haute, Indiana, served a prison sentence for a crime of which he was innocent. After Wilson's release, Paul E. Conger confessed that he had committed the robbery, and that Wilson was in no way implicated.

As Judge Edward J. Murphy was preparing to sentence Conger, a man entered the courtroom. It was Wilson.

"Your Honor," he addressed the judge, "this man isn't a real criminal. He went straight during the time I was in prison. I served four years for that crime. Let that be enough. I plead for leniency."

There followed a long silence. Then Judge Murphy spoke: "Sentence suspended. Prisoner will be put on probation." —Felix Hartlep

KAMPUS KWEERIES



by "The Marshall"

Dear Kampsite:

I see by the newspapers that the racing season has started. Being an old horse-lover, I wonder if the Federal Government would take this into consideration and do something about giving me an early release?

Horse-Lover

Dear Equinus:

A horse-lover eh? Well, at least you are original — most men content themselves with women. As to your early release, all I can say is, as eager as the racetracks are to have your patronage, and the Federal Government to have your tax, I doubt very much if anyone is interested in letting you out earlier. Please do not saddle me with your worries. If you find a horse in your bath-tub — pull the plug out!

Ex-jockey.

Dear Sir:

The girl I am going with is extremely snoopy, and she is always talking about her mother's coat of arms. Frankly, as I am an ex-pickpocket and wish to go straight on my release, this coat of arms bothers me. Could this mean her mother is a super-pickpocket? After all, why should anyone want more than two arms?

The Hand-Is-Quicker-Than-The-Eye.

Dear Sneaky:

You sure came to arms with the question,

didn't you? This coat of arms, I am afraid, is way over your head. Just between the two of us, I wouldn't worry about it. Your girl's arms and the arms of the law should give you sufficient to think about. By the way, what size was the coat?

Re Olde Heralde

Dear Kweer:

I have just received a letter from my wife and she tells me she has just found out that men are all alike. What shall I do?

A Man With a Problem

Dear Probbie:

I could make many suggestions as to what you can do. However, why don't you be smart and write your wife that you have known for years what she has suddenly found out. You could also inform her that you know, and have known for years that women are all the same. Besides if I were you I would not write to her for the next ten years, just keep her guessing.

Danny Dix

Dear Crystal Gazer:

I am taking a bird-watchers course, how do I go about making arrangements for field trips outside the walls? The bird-life to be found inside the wall is very scarce and does not supply me with enough variety to progress in my studies.

The Birds Friend

Dear Feathers:

I sympathize with you, I also suffer with the confining walls. Do you realize they wouldn't permit me to try for my pilots license? Nor permit me to take field trips when I was studying geology, believe me when I say you have my deepest sympathy I mean it. There is however a very good course in mountaineering available, does this suggest anything to you?

Walled-in-too

Dear Maestro:

I parked my car in a parking lot in Toronto the day I was arrested and to the best of my knowledge it is still there. Now two points bother me, am I liable for the storage and will I be able to use my 1946 license plates when I get my car back to Toronto in 1960?

Car-Owner

Dear Growner:

You say the car was left in the parking lot in 1946, do not worry they no longer drive cars that old, they sell em to the wreckers. You could take the chance and write to the parking lot and ask how much you owe them but remember at \$1.00 a day you have run up a fair

account. Secondly, how much did the car cost originally? Thirdly, was the car yours? And in conclusion sixteen years is a long time for even a car to wait, don't you think?

Ex Parking Lot Owner

Dear Miss. Dix:

I am in love with my work, my big concern is will I be able to return to my chosen profession when I leave here at the end of my sentence? You see I am a night-watchmen in banks. The reason I am doing the sentence I am serving is for opening a vault in the bank I was working in. It seems there is a law that says the bank must be open before the vault is entered. I opened this one at four o'clock in the morning. Do you think I can get my old job again?

I WANTED TO GET RICH

Dear Richie:

Too bad my boy, I fear you will have to find a day job and learn to sleep on that. I remember your case well, what you forgot to tell me in your query was the fact that you removed one hundred thousand dollars from the vault while you had it open. And think of the draft you subjected the other money in the vault to. It could easily have caught a cold. With the dough you have why not start your own bank?

Ex Pole Vaulter

Dear Brainy:

I am married to a very attractive and wealthy woman, on her last visit here she said she would wait forever. She also informed me she had sold my wardrobe and would have a new one ready for me when I got out. She sold our house and said she would let me know in plenty of time what the new address is. Should I believe her and continue to have faith in her?

Perplexed

Dear Pleyx:

Frankly my friend you've got me, but knowing you as I do I would say NO!

I Was Married Once Too

Dear Solomon:

Note that I did not call you Solly, I have

There may have been many match races in turf history, but undoubtedly the richest two-horse event was for \$250,000 in Natchez, Mississippi in 1836. The match was scheduled between Susan Yandall, owned by J.F. Claybourne, and Rudolph, owned by Walker Thurston. Each owner agreed to put up 2,500 bales of cotton as the purse for the race. At \$100 a bale the cotton was worth a quarter-million dollars.

An old account of the race said that "a few hours before the time set for the race, Rudolph became sick and Susan Yandall had a walkover for the rich prize." And that the way they did things in the Deep South back in 1836.

been debating whether or not to get a crew-cut hairdo. At present I have very long hair and if I am suddenly released I would like to take it with me. What shall I do?

Long Hair

Dear Lady:

Note I call you Lady, after all I believe in calling a spade a steam-shovel and with your long hair my Dear, well here goes, by all means get a hair cut and forget about an early release. Why don't you do your five years and grow a beard? On your release you can get a job as a bearded lady. This is a very profitable vocation — besides, you can't take it with you. Not to mention the queer people you meet.

Solomon (minus the wives)

Dear Soothsayer:

The young lady I am currently corresponding with keeps writing to me that two can live as cheaply as one. What is your reaction to this bit of wisdom?

Doubtful

Dear Youth:

The young lady is perfectly right in her claim, but you would not see very much of her if she was in the woman's prison.

One Who Knows . . .

Dear Wise One:

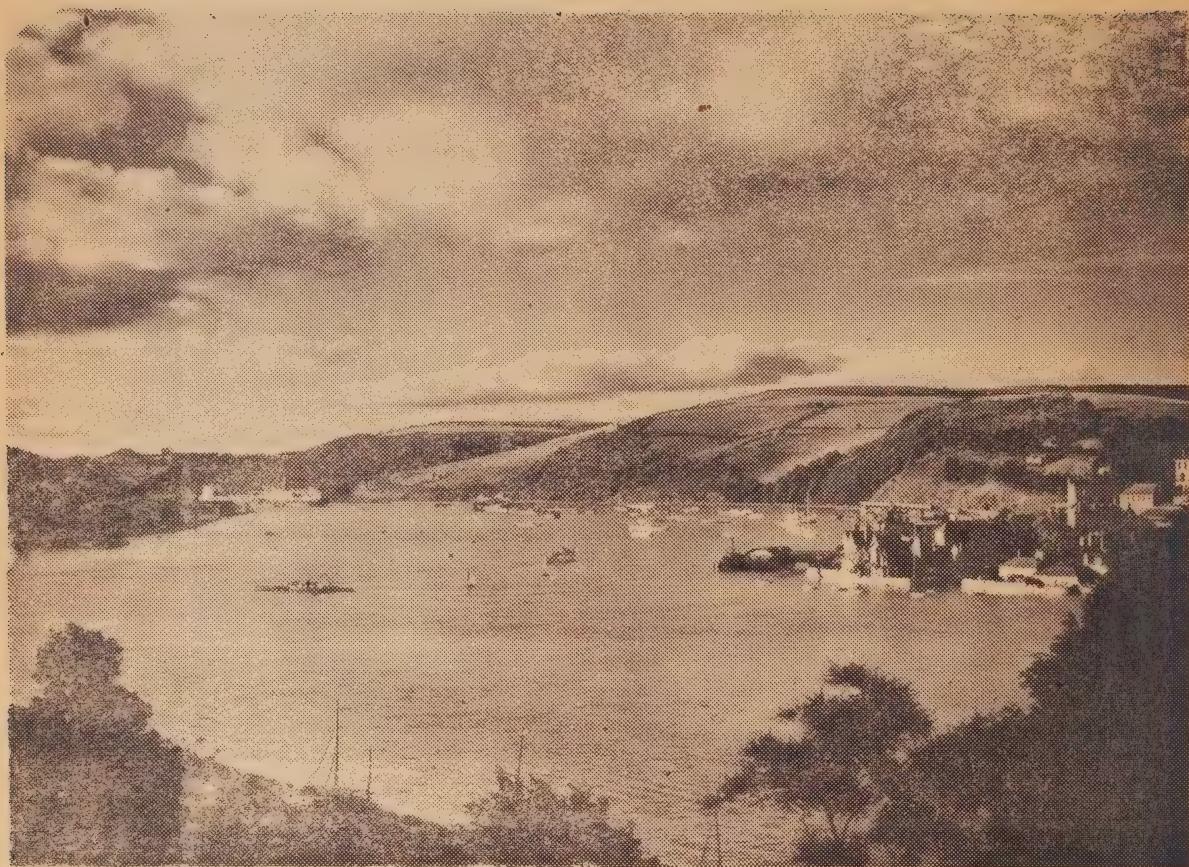
I find that I can not do my time. It does not matter what approach I use I just can not seem to set my mind to it. Please advise me as to what I should do.

Tempus

Dear Hours:

I have no magic formula for making time go faster, it must be handled the same as money, pile one hour on the next until you have a day and then pile day on day. Do the same with months and then years. There is no easy way, no short cut. But there is one thing about it, what you can't do just leave someone else will do it for you, oh yes! After all time is money so save all your days and eventually you will have a fortune, namely your freedom.

The Old Time-Saver



River Dart Devonshire

Any person unfamiliar with English history, judging by this peaceful looking picture of the "Dart" at Dartmouth, would never imagine that this has been the scene of intense activity during the past one thousand years. It was here that Richard the Lionhearted assembled his fleet and set sail for the Crusades in 1190. An attack by the French on England was repulsed at Dartmouth in 1404. And in Elizabeth's reign Dartmouth outfitted and manned two vessels which assisted Drake in defeating the Spanish Armada. During the past century and right down to the present day, thousands of future officers of the Royal Navy have attended the Royal Naval College here, on board H.M.S. Britannia previous to 1905 and since that time in the handsome buildings on the west bank a little further up stream. As may be expected, yachting on the Dart is a favourite sport. A pleasure steamer plies up the river to Totnes, ten miles north. And a ferry connects Dartmouth with Kingswear on the eastern bank.

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

Life's too short to remember things best forgotten. The successful man forgets—he knows the past is irrevocable. He keeps his eye on the goal ahead and doesn't look back. He doesn't let little things disturb him. He forgets quickly and forgives easily. It is only the "little" man who seeks revenge.

Be a good forgetter — business dictates it and success demands it. Let this be your rule of life, and you will be happier. Nothing makes us so unhappy as to hold a grudge. Quickly forget the slight (many of which are really imaginary anyway), or the thoughtless remark made by a member of your family, by a business associate, by a friend or acquaintance. And thus you will have retained their good opinion of you, perhaps even their friendship and confidence. Don't let the sun go down on a grudge or adverse thought which you should forget.

Be a good forgetter and forgive easily.

HALLOF FAME

Editor's Note — For the month of June, Bill Jones has written the Hall of Fame, and to his smooth and subtle hand we have entrusted the task of saying goodbye to a man we deeply respect.

Eddie

EVERY so often in the course of our lifetime we meet a person who leaves an impression upon us so refreshing that, despite the trials and tribulations of wresting an existence, we stop and say to ourselves 'well, life isn't so bad after all.' Such a person is our recently-released friend Eddie M.

It was just over ten years ago that Eddie became enmeshed with the law. A boy but a few days beyond his eighteenth birthday, he was apprehended, tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty years in penitentiary. Think of it — a youth on the threshold of life with all its beauty, thrills and challenge before him untouched, untasted, untarnished — swept away by the edict of two words, twenty years.

When we are in the morning of life twenty years seems like eternity. In this particular instance, twenty years was a period longer than his very life to that point, and to be spent behind bars in the 'shadow world' of prison. What was in his heart that day — remorse, regret, revenge? Only Eddie and his God may answer that question.

This, however, is not to be a sad song but rather one of jubilation, for Eddie, when he reads this, is once again a free man, free on a ticket-of-leave at half time. Some may say ten years of his life have been lost, but we would rather think of the ten that have been saved. Furthermore, we challenge the negative viewpoint.

When Eddie commenced his incarceration he was but a boy, and the transition from a way of life relatively free of deep thought and worry to the monotonous regulation of ordered living and custodial supervision must have been immeasurably harder of acceptance to

him than to an older man. But he took his first steps firmly on this long road back and not once did he falter. All tasks assigned him he performed willingly and well and took advantage of a trade when offered him and became highly proficient.

In the latter years he was major domo of the inmate canteen. He operated in a manner so efficient yet unobtrusive that one was wont to wonder if he was still among us. But the bags were always filled with the right things, in the right place and at the right time.

Eddie shunned notoriety and in neither word, thought or deed did he aspire to be 'a wheel.' He was modest, self-effacing and considerate, and to the end had his feet firmly planted on the ground. He humbly sought advice and just as graciously proffered it. To sum up, he was a solid citizen.

Little wonder is it, then, that on Friday evening, May 18th, the all-request radio program in this institution took the form of a farewell tribute to him. The men in every shop and gang within these walls were as one in the spontaneity of their expression. The spotlights and popping of corks were conspicuous by their absence, but Eddie was suffused in the warm glow of real comradeship and drank deeply of the cup of goodwill.

It is probable that our paths may cross again in happier circumstances, but until that time, Eddie, be very sure of one thing. Whether we had the pleasure of knowing you personally or by repute, you have carried away with you the respect and solicitude of every man in this place. In concert we say 'Thanks for a job well done, good luck, God-speed and God bless.'

Conspiracy a game invented for the amusement of unoccupied men of rank.
Addison.

- SPORTS IN THE BAY -

With Phil McQuade and Jerry Goy

MAJOR LEAGUE EXHIBITION SOFTBALL

ORIOLES

Manager — Lundrigan
Rodgers 1st B.
Lundrigan 3rd B.
Delany C.F.
Hickman S.S.
Brewer L.F.
Lepine P.
O'Brien R.F.
Edwards 2nd B.
Winfield C.
Subs:— Drisdelle, Rochon, Robertson, Hill, Sullivan

ATHLETIC

Manager — Willsie
Allison S.S.
Windsor C.F.
McQuade 2nd B.
Willsie C.
Rochon L.F.
Opalchuk R.F.
Menard 1st B.
Simpson 3rd B.
Subs:— Lowery, Martin, McMinn, Tessier, Nevett

This game went the full nine innings. Keen sportsmanship was shown by both teams. It is always a pleasure to watch this type of play.

Winning Pitcher — Gerry Bell.
Hits—6 S.O.—11 W—3 Runs—5
Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Runs

Losing Pitcher — Ray Lepine
Hits—15 S.O.—9 W—5 Runs—13

Athletics	4	3	0	0	4	0	1	0	1	13
Orioles	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	2

Three Stars

Rickey Windsor	Hitting and Fielding
Gerry Bell	Pitching
I. Hickman	Put Outs

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

OPENING DAY

On Sunday, May 6th, the 1956 Softball season was officially opened. The opening ceremonies started with fine playing by the Princess of Wales Bugle Band from Kingston. Major H. Mills, the officer in charge of this group, was handed the baton from Staff Sergeant Saunders who, after brief army formalities, treated us to some very classic army and hit parade tunes. The next thing on the agenda was a brief speech by the Acting Warden, Mr. D. McLean. We were then treated to a little comedy: Joe Woodhouse, a man well known to all of us for his fine shows, was introduced to umpire the game. The line-up in order was as follows:—

Pitcher	
D. McLean, Acting Warden	
Catcher	
Jim Edmunds, P.T.I.	
1st Base	
H. Field, Acting Deputy Warden	
S.S.	
Rev. Minto Swan	
Batter	
Father Felix Devine	

On the first pitch, Father Devine, showing real form, drove a hard line drive to right field, and the game was over. As the game was scouted, the good Father has been offered many fine contracts. Next on the program was the All-Star game, the players being drafted from the various teams here. This was a thriller from start to finish. Both teams had a rather shaky first inning, but from then on great ball.

ALL STAR GAME SUMMARY

PEN MEN

Delany	R.F.	McLean
Hickman	S.S.	Windsor
Isenberg	C.	Rodgers
Smith	C.F.	Willkie
Lundrigan	3rd B.	McGregor
Howes	L.F.	Allison
Chappelle	1st B.	Simpson
Bell	P.	Swan
McQuade	2nd B.	Morgan
Ross Church	Manager	Waxey Laing

Subs:— Brewer, Hale, Powell, Harding, Morgan

SINNERS

2nd B.
C.F.
1st B.
C.
R.F.

Subs:— Lepine, Heisel, Portiss, Blanche, Menard

Scorekeeper — Huber

In the sixth inning, Lepine came on to relieve Daddy Morgan, who did a fine job considering this was his first start of the season.

THREE STARS

Bell	Pitching
Hickman	General Play
Rodgers	Hitting

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Runs
Pen Men	5	1	0	1	0	0	0	7
Sinners	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4

The day ended to the fine playing of the 'Army — Navy March.'

The Band looked real smart in their brown army uniforms, red berets, and white gloves.

Saturday, May 12th.

ATHLETICS

Allison	S.S.	Chappelle
Windsor	C.F.	Morpaw
Tessier	2nd B.	Dutrisac
Willkie	C.	McLean
Bell	P.	Harding
Menard	1st B.	Fero
Simpson	3rd B.	Morgan
Lowery	L.F.	Blanche
Martin	R.F.	Rock

Subs:— Opalchuk, Rochon, McMinn, Parr (Coach) Subs:— Crowe, Ialanti, Franko, Goy (Coach) Laing (Manager)

TIGERS

1st B.
C.
C.F.
S.S.
2nd B.

Windsor	Hitting — Fielding
Rock	Pitching
Fero	General Play

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs
TIGERS	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	1	0	6
ATHLETIC	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	2	3	9

The Athletics and the Tigers started off Sunday's activities with a six inning game. Jerry Bell of the Athletics held the usual loud bats of the Tigers silent, giving only two hits. Allison and Windsor seemed to be the pick of the lot. Between them they got five of the eleven hits and scored five runs. We all know that Rick is one of the better players in the place, but Allison certainly is a pleasant surprise

May 13th, A.M.

TIGERS

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Chappelle	1st B.	2	0	1	3	1
Ialanti	C.	2	0	0	8	0
Morpaw	C-6th.	1	0	0	0	0
Dutrisac	C.F.	3	0	0	1	0
McLean	S.S.	3	1	1	1	0
Harding	2 B.	3	0	0	2	0
Morgan	R.F.	2	0	0	1	0
Fero	3 B.	2	0	0	0	2
Blanche	L.F.	2	0	0	0	1
Crowes	P.	1	1	0	2	0
TOTALS		21	2	2	18	3

ATHLETICS

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Allison	S.S.	4	3	3	2	0
Windsor	C.F.	4	2	2	1	0
McQuade	2 B.	4	0	1	2	0
Willsie	C	3	1	1	5	0
Bell	P	4	0	0	1	4
Menard	1 B.	4	1	1	6	0
Simpson	3 B.	0	2	0	0	2
Rochon	L.F.	3	0	2	1	0
Opalchuk	R.F.	3	0	2	1	0
TOTALS		29	10	11	18	6

R.B. 1 — Windsor 2, Bell 2, Rochon 2, Allison, Opalchuk, Ialanti,
 3 B — Allison, Windsor, 2 B — McLean S.O. — Bell 5, Crowes 7
 B.B. — Bell 2, Crowes 4. R-ER. — Bell 2-1 Crowes 10-10
 H.O. — Bell 2 in 6, Crowes 11 in 6

W.P. — Bell

L.P. — Crowes

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
ATHLETICS	0	0	3	3	2	2	10	11	1
TIGERS	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	2	3

May 13th, P.M.

The Orioles and the Yankees provided the boys with a real thriller today. There were many highlights in this game. To mention only a few we think Paddy Swan's shoe string catch of Lundrigan's fly to centre was as pretty as a picture: he then capped it by doubling Delaney off first. Young Sully at 2nd base played a nice game and his cut-off of a run at the plate was a very important play in such a close scoring game, not to mention the home run in his first trip to the plate. Rodgers of the Orioles smashed out a double with the bases loaded, with two out in the 8th, and then showed that he was really on the ball by coming in all the way from second with the winning run on an overthrow to third base. Excitement ran high rightup to the last minute as Hill in right field juggled Isenberg's high fly but managed to hang on for the final out.

ORIOLES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	YANKEES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Delaney C.F.	2	1	0	0	0	1	SWAN C.F.	5	1	1	2	1	0
Lundrigan 3 B.	5	1	0	3	2	1	McGregor C.	5	1	3	6	0	1
Rodgers I.B.	5	1	2	9	0	1	Isenberg S.S.	5	1	0	4	1	1
Hickman S.S.	2	0	0	1	4	1	Smith 3 B.	3	0	0	2	4	0
Rochon L.F.	4	1	2	4	0	1	Myers L.F.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Hill (P.H. in 8th)	1	0	0	1	0	0	Powell 1 B.	4	0	0	7	1	1
Brewer R.F.	3	0	0	0	1	0	Sullivan 2 B.	3	1	1	2	1	0
Drisdelle 2 B.	2	1	1	0	0	0	Shaw R.F.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Lepine P.	3	2	1	1	2	0	Portiss R.F.-6th	1	0	0	0	0	0
Winfield C.	4	0	0	8	1	0	Nevett R.F.-8th	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	31	7	6	27	10	5	Hale P.	3	2	1	0	2	0
							TOTALS	35	6	8	24	10	3

R.B.I. — McGregor, Smith, Myers, Sullivan, Lundrigan, Rodgers, Drisdelle, Winfield.

H.R. — Sullivan, 2B. — Rodgers 2, Drisdelle, S.O. — Lepine 8, Hale 3 B.B. — Lepine 3, Hale 10
 R-ER. — Lepine 6-5 Hale 7-6 H.O. — Lepine 8 in 9, Hale 6 in 8 W.P. — Lepine L.P. — Hale.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
YANKEES	2	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	6	8	3
ORIOLES	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	4	x	7	6	5

MINOR LEAGUE EXHIBITION SOFTBALL

May 6th, A.M.

INDIANS

Daniels												
Nugent												
Clarke												
Gagne												
Rodgers												
Polley												
Hutchinson												
Campbell												
MacDonald												
Turcott												
Smith												
Coleman												
Pitcher — Rodgers												
HITS 5	S.O. 6	W. 12	INNS. 5½									

Score — INDIANS 14 runs
 This was only a 7-inning game.

ROYALS

McCarthy												
Peters												
Rice												
Harvey												
Lowery												
Browne												
DeForest												
Hill												
Fennessey												
King												
Brice												
Robinson												
Pitcher — Hill — Dawson												
HITS 1	S.O. 1	W. 7	INNS. 1									
HITS 3	S.O. 8	W. 6	INNS. 5									

Saturday, May 12th

Phil Tessier's Pirates and Bill Polley's Indians opened the Minor League schedule with a week-end home and home series. Both close scoring games taken by the Pirates. The highlights of Saturday's game centred mostly around the pitchers. Polley, of the Indians, in relief from the 6th inning on, allowed only one run off one hit while striking out six. He contributed 2 hits to a losing but hard-fought cause. The centre fielder, Coleman's home run with 1 on in the 6th looked like the start of a rally but turned out to be the Indians last threat of the game. The Pirates' pitcher, Beaulne, seemed to be a big factor in the win and he helped his own cause at the bat by scoring and driving in a run. He also handled 7 fielding chances without error. The big bat was carried to the plate by Steinhoff who batted in 4 runs off 2 hits, 1 a triple. O'Desse, at 2nd, had 8 fielding chances and handled 7 of them cleanly, and drove in 2 runs with a double in 4 trips to the plate.

INDIANS		AB	R	H	PO	A	E	PIRATES		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels	C	4	0	1	10	2	0	Campbell	C	4	1	1	4	1	0
Gagne	C.F.	4	1	0	2	0	0	Marshal	S.S.	3	1	0	0	0	1
Rogers	P-2	B.	5	0	1	1	6	O'Desse	2 B.	4	1	1	6	1	1
Polley	2 B	- P.	3	1	2	1	2	Beaulne	P	4	1	1	1	6	0
Coleman	L.F.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Gregoire	L.F.	2	1	0	1	0	0
Kidder	S.S.	3	0	0	1	1	1	Steinhoff	3 B.	4	1	2	5	2	2
Haskell	1 B.	2	0	0	8	0	0	Gallichon	1 B.	1	1	0	9	0	0
Hutchinson	R.F.	3	1	1	0	0	0	Kobla	C.F.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Leslie	R.F.	1	0	0	0	0	0	Stacey	R.F.	2	1	0	0	0	0
McDonald	3 B.	4	1	0	1	1	0	TOTALS		27	8	5	27	10	5
	TOTALS	33	5	6	24	12	1								

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
INDIANS	0	0	2	1	0	2	0	0	0	5	6	1
PIRATES	0	1	0	2	4	1	0	0	x	8	5	5

RB 1 — Coleman 2, Rogers, Steinhoff 4, O'Desse 2, Stacey, Beaulne,
 2B — Daniels, Campbell, O'Desse 3B — Steinhoff HR — Coleman
 SO — Beaulne 4, Rogers 4, Polley 6 BB — Beaulne 5, Rogers 9, Polley 3
 R-ER — Beaulne 5-2 Rogers 7-7 Polley 1-1 Ho Beaulne 6 in 9, Rogers 4 in 5, Polley 1 in 3.
 W.P. — Beaulne L.P. — Rogers

Sunday, May 13th A.M.

PIRATES		AB	R	H	PO	A	E	INDIANS		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cambell	C	3	1	3	6	0	0	Daniels	R.F.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Marshall	S.S.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Rogers	2 B	4	2	2	2	0	1
O'Desse	2 B	4	3	3	3	1	0	Polley	P	1	0	1	1	0	0
Beaulne	P	4	3	2	1	1	1	Coleman	L.F.	4	1	1	3	0	1
Gregoire	L.F.	4	0	2	3	2	0	Nugent	C	3	1	2	7	1	0
Steinhoff	3 B	4	1	1	2	1	0	Kidder	S.S.	2	1	1	0	2	1
Dubois	R.F.	2	1	0	0	0	1	Gagne	C.F.	3	1	2	0	0	0
Stacey	C.F.	3	0	1	0	1	1	McDonald	3 B	1	0	0	0	0	0
Gallichon	1 B.	3	0	1	3	0	0	Nicholas	R.F.	2	0	1	0	0	0
	TOTALS	31	9	13	18	6	3	Haskell	1 B	0	1	0	0	0	0
								Roberts	1. B	2	1	1	2	0	0
								TOTALS		26	8	11	18	3	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
PIRATES	2	0	3	0	2	2	9	13	3
INDIANS	0	0	3	3	2	0	8	11	3

RB 1 — Beaulne 2, Gregoire 2, Steinhoff 2, Stacey, Rogers 2, Gagne, Nicholas
 2B — O'Desse 2, Beaulne, Stacey, Rogers, Coleman, Nugent, Gagne
 3 B — Beaulne, Steinhoff, Rogers, Polley SO — Polley 6, Beaulne 2
 BB — Polley 2, Beaulne 4, R-ER — Polley 9-6 Beaulne 8-6
 HO — Polley 13 in 6, Beaulne 11 in 6.

W.P. — Beaulne

L.P. — Polley

The return game between the Pirates and the Indians turned out to be quite a sluggers battle in which a total of 24 hits were given up in 6 innings, 12 of these being for extra bases. Campbell, O'Desse and Beaulne accounted for 7 of the Pirates 9 runs and 8 of the 13 hits. Campbell got 3 for 3 while scoring a run and had 6 put-outs. Of O'Desse's 3 hits, 2 were doubles, and Beaulne while scoring 3 times also batted two run in. For the Indians, Rogers more than made up for committing an error by scoring twice, batting in 2 runs with a double and triple. Nugent catching, and Gagne centre field, each had 2 hits and between them accounted for 3 runs.

Sunday, May 13th, P.M.

Art Lowery sent his Royals out in their first effort of the year to meet the Braves. It looked as though Bill Pheasant was going to take command as his Braves carried a 7 to 3 lead going into the 7th. However, the Royals came through in the last three innings to score ten runs and take the contest by a score 13 to 8. In the first six innings Olsen held the Royals to only three hits, giving up three runs

while fanning 11 of the 16 S.Os. he had in the whole game. Kelly came through for the Royals with a homer, four walks, three R.B. Is. and scored three runs. Dawson the winning pitcher had ten S.Os. and came up with the bases loaded in the 8th and hammered out a double, driving in another three runs. Pheasant's secret weapon was not employed in the game as he became a bit complacent with his early lead, and when he finally realized the necessity, he couldn't locate a glove or a left-handed bat.

ROYALS		AB	R	H	PO	A	E	BRAVES		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
King	Cf	5	1	0	1	0	1	Pheasant	C	4	1	0	13	0	1
Peters	2b	6	1	2	6	0	0	Baker	C	0	0	0	3	0	0
McCarthy	Rf	4	1	1	0	0	1	Renaud	Ss	1	0	0	0	0	1
George	Rf	2	1	1	1	0	0	Hills	Ss	4	1	1	0	1	0
Harvey	C	6	2	2	11	1	2	Olsen	P	4	2	2	1	1	0
Kelly	1b	2	3	1	7	1	0	Smith	2b	5	1	1	1	1	1
Bryce	3b	4	2	1	0	3	1	Judge	1b	5	1	2	4	0	1
DeForest	Ss	5	2	2	1	1	0	Corbiere	Lf	4	2	1	1	0	1
Dawson	P	5	0	1	0	2	0	Bullock	Rf	1	0	0	0	0	1
Rice	Lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	Gallen	Rf	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS		40	13	11	27	8	5	Robichaud	3b	4	0	1	1	0	1
								Belaire	Cf	3	0	1	2	0	1
								TOTALS		35	8	9	27	3	8

Rb1 — Kelly 3, Dawson, DeForest 2, Harvey, Bryce, Smith, Hills, Judge, Corbiere, Robichaud.

2b — Bryce, DeForest, Dawson, Hills, Judge.

BB — Dawson 8, Olsen 12, R-ER — Dawson 8-5 Olsen 13-10.

HO — Dawson 9 in 9, Olsen 11 in 9.

ROYALS	0	0	2	0	1	0	4	3	3	R	13	H	11	E	5
BRAVES	0	1	4	0	0	2	0	0	1	R	8	H9	E	8	L.P. — Olsen

Saturday, May 19th.

Sports today were curtailed due to wet weather — however, the volley-ball tournament was completed.

Four teams met in elimination competition. The Newcomers beat the Kitchen in two straight and won the right to meet the Vocational Shops who had set the Carpenters down via the same route. The final games were a treat to watch. The Vocational took the first game but the Newcomers fought back to take the second. The third and deciding game was a see-saw affair with first one team then the other having the edge. The score reached 10 to 8 for the Newcomers but Vocational won the serve and from then on were not to be denied. They took the game 11 to 10 and also the Volleyball Championship. Congratulations, winners, and to the runners-up, better luck next time.

THE VOCATIONAL TEAM CHAMPS

Daniels
Morpaw
Lowery
Lundrigan
Keyes
Simpson
Binks
Schneid
Latulippe
Bell

THE NEWCOMERS RUNNERS-UP

Allison
Beck
Myers
McLean (he's a newcomer???)
Shaw
Neil
Beanland
Geauvreau
Hickman
Gallen

In Hollywood, Calif. a charm school for women hung a motto on its classroom wall: "Think Mink."

In Los Angeles, Calif., police were sniffing high and low for the thieves who hijacked a trailer-truck containing 8,700 lbs. of garlic.

Charged with marrying four women in less than a year, a man in Los Angeles, Calif, explained: "I had to do something on my days off."

He who keeps his mind on his work goes ahead; he who keeps his work on his mind goes crazy.

Almost without exception, every prisoner deep down in his heart yearns to be a useful member of society. That goes for hardened criminals, too, no matter how terrible their records.

—Douglas Rigg, Warden, Minnesota State Prison.

♦♦♦♦♦

Listen Here

I Am "THE EAR"

By Buddy Bluster

♦♦♦♦♦

Ah June, the mid-month of the year, the baseball season has started and as I predicted Pappy Morgan is back in the game...Brocklebank is getting to be quite the man about town, facials yet. And he is singing a song entitled Clementine, but there is one thing about it, young Mitch and I know the whole story, don't we Mitch....I heard a very good story about Jake the committee man the other day, seems he is a male Dorothy Dix, he guarantees to straighten out all affairs of the heart, and no charge either....I was attempting to discover who Gina is, now demmit I understand her name is Violetta, some of these characters change their names faster than a man can change girl friends....Harry the Horse is now in greener pastures, he is working on the ornamental gang, I saw him pulling a lawn-roller the other morning and he looked quite natural....Schlemiel the Wheel dropped in to the office one day and talked for a while on where he would like to work, it all summed up that he prefers the boiler-room. He says he likes machinery and most of it is down there....I suppose it is time to hand out an orchid to the Inmate Committee for the splendid opening day they arranged. The ball field is in as good condition as Maple Leaf stadium, the new screens are a great improvement and the band of The Princess Of Wales Own Regiment was the crowning touch. Everyone owes the committee a big hand of applause for their effort on our behalf...One of our shoemakers is quite the boy, he feels quite at home with the heels he puts on....Ticketitus has broken out agin, a real epidemic, the symptoms go something like this, "Well if he made a ticket with his record so should I....Bats in the belfry, yes everyone has heard of them, but cats in a cell, especially a wild one waiting to pounce on a man is too much....Has anyone noticed the three dwarfs, Coco, Jake and Macsan, they are always operating....The Cabin Boy has been very quiet lately, must be the Spring....Bowden-Happens is now equipped

for sound, he carries a small (the smallest I have ever seen) bicycle horn. Some one had better check and see if his chain is still on the sprocket....So long Bill, you certainly did that two and a half years in a hurry, sincerely hope you don't join the C.W.A.C when you reach Toronto....4429 your secret is safe with me....As to 4242 I have the goods on him too, I'cest pas....The magazine is running a contest, if you can guess who the man is with the trowel in the Collin's Bay series I will give you an empty cigar box....

Does anyone know for sure what size batteries are used in Royal Typewriters to operate the bell, I have one man in the institution convinced the bell on a typewriter is electrically operated, more about this next month....Coco has had some trouble with his bed, it appears the said bed moves of its own accord, or so old Granpaw C. told me....I am in wrong with a man for questioning his ability to read, if he can what is he mad about? He is always ready to make a joke or play a trick on someone else yet when it is on him, his sense of humour vanishes, oh well...The Schlemiel is getting plenty of requests played for him of late and I begin to wonder, one of his very good friends is now working in the "Goodie Shop" and looks quite smart all shaved, showered and in white, yes, how about that Schlemiel?....There is no truth in the nasty rumour that Ernie, old Pappy Morgan's good friend works at a famous Toronto Nitery on Saturday nights, it is a small joint in Hamilton, and it is not a nitery, it is a hamburger joint; so there!....Hey Brock, is there any truth in the rumour that you bumped your head on a floor some place in the institution?....Anyone having a problem to do with the heart is strongly advised to see Jake the Committee man, he is alleged to be an expert....Brock the Plumber? was telling me a story about a camel herder that works with him, the strange part of it all is the camel herder tried to lay the same story on me, now I won-

Continued on Page 29



Editor's Musings

JUNE already, actually it is hard to realize it is Summer with the miserable May weather we (had/or enjoyed) we leave the choice up to our readers. On our wandering around our walled estate we have noticed that a start has been made on the new Plumbing and Heating Shop, this will be a great improvement and gives our graduate tradesmen plenty of "do it yourself" experience.

We note with interest that Bill Brocklebank and Al Corrie won prizes in May for their efforts on the public speaking course. The Dale Carnegie Institute has no idea how much the time and effort it is putting into our fellows is appreciated and the results are starting to show. The lads are deeply interested and the amount of study and discussion they are doing is indeed wonderful.

We were discussing June the other day, of course June 6th of 1944 was mentioned and it brought many memories back both fond and sad. We all agreed it did not seem so long past, yet it is twelve years. Strange how short time is when you look back on it, t's when a person looks ahead that time seems endless....still one must always look to the future.

We would be happy to hear how our readers feel about the Inside Collin's Bay series and any other suggestions they may have, after all our subscribers must be satisfied. And if there is anything we can do to please our readers that's what we are interested in doing.

We shall take this opportunity to thank the Editorial Staff of the Mountain Echoes, printed and edited by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary for doing us the great honour of reprinting our editorial of February. Their address is Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Subscription rate is \$1.00 per year.

The opening of our softball season was a great success, Maple Leaf Stadium would have a hard time equalling the ceremony we enjoyed. The band of the Princess Of Wales Regiment attended and their playing was superb.

We wish to thank the Officers, N.C.O.s and men of this Regiment for their kindness and trust we may see them again in the near future.

The Canadian Red Cross Blood Bank will be here this month and as usual we expect a large turnout, this is one organization that does plenty of good and we can certainly spare the blood.

The Committee are very busy these days, they moved the old plasterers office over to the edge of the ball field and now it is doing duty as an equipment shack for the sport's field. Coco Roberts and Jake Isenberg worked like a couple of professional house movers and Wilf from the Electricians certainly gave them some wonderful assistance. Nice work fellows we really appreciate the job you are doing.

An article in The Spectator the Penal Press Magazine of the State prison of Southern Michigan in Jackson, caught our eye, they tell of the inmates in Ionia a Michigan Reformatory and of how they have adopted an orphan girl in Italy. They have already sent one check to the Foster Parent's Inc. in New York. And they have assured the child of further support. This raises the count in this Reformatory to three orphans they are taking care of. To these generous fellows we say, nice going fellows.

The post-mortems are going full blast today about the Olsen Robinson fight and it really is humorous to sit back as a non-bettor and hear the story from winners and losers. If horse sense stops horses from betting on people we wonder what is it that makes people bet on people?

Well by now the gas pipe line debate will be over and we shall be getting some other news for a change. What with the Grace Kelly wedding and then the pipe line there was very little international news to interest we people who are so thoroughly insulated from the outside. But something else will pop up to hold the front page for days on end, it is

hard indeed to satisfy everyone, this we should know.

We wonder at times at the methods some people use to upset, annoy and aggravate other people. At times it is to better themselves at other times it is to try to make big wheels out of themselves, we wonder if they came to jail to become popular? It's food for thought though, is it not?

The Whig Standard has done a wonderful job on our plates during the Collin's Bay Series and we shall now thank them for their perfect workmanship and good service during the time we were featuring the series. The company has always co-operated one hundred per cent and the Diamond certainly appreciates the attitude of these good people.

We have one of the greatest examples of a juvenile delinquent's reformation right here in the "Bay". A few months ago one of our inmate cleaners discovered an injured cat in one of the ducts. He rescued the cat and found very quickly that the cat was strictly anti-social. He scratched, bit, spit and fought at any attempt to pet him or approach him. He was a feline delinquent and unapproachable, with a few months kindness the cat is now the pride of the institution, clean, big and a real pet. This proves something or another to our way of thinking, well he is a nice cat any way we look at it.

Ticketitus, a rare disease suffered by shut-ins and has the nasty habit of making everyone in the vicinity extremely miserable. The victims are easily recognized by the glazed look in their eyes and their extreme anxiety. And when they start crying about the reasons they have for making a ticket, well why bore

anyone else with this problem, after all we suffer from hay-fever in the fall and we annoy people when we are suffering, so we shall let it go at that.

Our photographer Mr. Westlake is awarded an orchid of the finest quality for his fine work on the Inside Collin's Bay Series, in fact we feel he is the Karsh of Collin's Bay Penitentiary. Thank you very much, you are now an honorary member of the Diamond staff.

We shall be including a cartoon in our next issue and before anyone starts screaming about a Penal Press magazine carrying a cartoon let us say that each strip shall carry a philosophical message. We trust our subscribers will enjoy our choice of character.

We have noticed an article in the American Mercury magazine which caught our eye. The article is titled 'Success Begins At Forty Plus' and written by Raymond Schuessler, and it deals with the rehabilitation of their voluntarily retired executives and those who were forced to retire through amalgamation or pension plan schemes. The only thing against re-hiring these able executives seemed to be they were over forty, so a club was formed to teach big industry these men were not only re-employable but could be profitable.

It has struck us that perhaps some sort of club could be formed in Toronto or some other large centre, of ex-convicts who wished to make good to teach business and industry, and trade unions, how re-employable these people are. It could be a cooperative effort, backed of course, not in cash but in endorsement by reputable members of the community. In many cases employment of the ex-convict means a return to decent society.

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THE EAR *Continued from page 27*

der who is kidding who?...Bill Jones (the Newcomer) is a real bridge player, according to him, but Mort his partner claims he carries him, in bridge that is. Can you picture anyone carrying him bodily?...I heard a very good definition of Communism the other day and although it is not in keeping with this column I am going to pass it along: Communism is an imported disease....There are some good newspaper jobs being offered around these days, the only stumbling block is the paper is non-existent, however there is only the minor matter of money blocking the whole deal, af-

ter all it is only money, heh, heh, heh...Porky is doing a good job as a helper for the Committee, thanks Porky....Fuses Fields has had one big tooth-ache, I extend my sympathy to him, even his short time was no compensation in his hour of pain...Rumour has it that little Hardwood is going to get a new job, this man is one fine gardener and certainly does plenty of study on the subject, plus he is a nice, quiet pleasant little guy...Phew, that is my pat-on-the-back-for-the-month....The Cabin Boy is now sporting bi-focals says they make him feel at home, just like portholes....

A TALL MAN AND HIS FRIEND

Bill Huddlestone

IT was early Spring — the night air carried just enough chill to keep the population of the small residential section on the outskirts of one of Canada's large metropolitan cities inside, by their fireplaces watching TV.

On one of the well-grassed slopes just off the street stood a large home: to the passer-by this house would hold no special fascination—in fact it would go unnoticed by most, but not to the two men who slid out of the dark Ford sedan and scrambled up the grassy slope, seeking the protecting cover of the bushes that circled the property. The Ford did not stop but continued on down the road and disappeared from sight, only to return again. The time of its return was ten minutes to the second.

The men circling the bushes checked their watches as they saw the Ford drive out of sight.

"Okay, lets go, we can't afford to waste any time."

"Right" replied the second man as he followed not more than a step behind.

The two avoided the house on the front of the grounds and headed straight for a large mansion that sat about two hundred yards back. As they neared the house, the taller man made a motion with his hand: both stopped for a moment and stood like statues, listening. They then stepped through a row of bushes and found themselves at the edge of a large swimming-pool. Using the bushes as cover, they worked their way toward the front of the house, checking each step to be sure they did not tread on dry leaves or any other objects that might betray their stealth. When they reached the front of the mansion the taller of the two men motioned toward the two large Caddies parked in the drive. The shorter man nodded, and in a few short steps, covered the space to the cars. He first glanced in each and, assured they were empty, slid off one glove and placed the back of his hand on the hood of each in turn. The first was cold to the touch — the second still carried a little

warmth. He made the few steps back to the front of the house and as he rejoined his companion, raised one finger.

"How long has it been her?" asked the taller man.

"Thirty, forty minutes" the other answered.

With this, both men moved farther up the building to a large picture window. The four people inside playing bridge continued to laugh and talk, unaware of what was taking place. The two men checked their watches in the light from inside which cast eerie shapes across the lawn. Almost three and a half minutes had passed. The taller man seemed upset and impatiently motioned to the far end of the house. Without a sound the two figures moved like wraiths to a large sunroom that overlooked the pool.

"Follow me" the taller man snapped.

He reached up and, catching the rungs of a rose climber, reached the roof of the sunroom with the smaller man close on his heels. They crossed the roof to a screened window. The smaller man drew a long blade from his back pocket, and with a few short, jerking motions, lifted the screen out of its place and sat it down beside the window. The window was raised about a foot: the taller man reached down and raised it without a sound.

The smaller man now raised one leg and slid into the room. His feet touched a thick carpet. He stood for a second or two, his eyes moving over the room like lightning. To his right was a dressing-room and bath: these he disregarded and crossed to the oak door leading to the hall. He pulled it closed except for about two inches. This gave him a commanding view of the hall and stairs.

The taller man was in the room now, his flashing blue eyes moving in a deliberate circle around the room until they reached a dressing table, on which they rested. He nodded to his companion and with a cat-like movement, went to the dressing-table. With swift, sure skill he fingered through the draw-

ers: the smooth fingers of the gloved hands caressed each article but stopped on none. After closing the last drawer he dropped to his knees and pulled open the curtain surrounding the bottom of the table. A small grey safe was there — open but empty.

He then moved to the dressing room. After searching the cupboards he signed to the other man to join him. He then pointed to a spot and the shorter man looked. There it was, the whole shining, glittering mass—diamonds! The rich use them as ornaments, but to these men they represented money — large green bills, bills that could buy anything. Money, the modern man's God.

The taller man scooped up the gems, placed them in a purse; and together they returned to the roof. After replacing the screen in the window-frame they made their way down the rose climber and, without looking back, headed for the street on a dead run. The soft grass padded their footsteps. It was a race against time now for over nine of the ten minutes had passed. If they missed the Ford it would mean a four-minute wait before it returned.

They reached the clump of bushes overlooking the street. A car was fast approaching. It passed in a flash and continued on out of sight. The short man looked at his watch: it was now one minute past the deadline.

"I hope Bob didn't have to leave because of a cruiser."

"We'll wait four minutes and then hoof it out."

Another minute passed, then it appeared: the Ford was coming. The red strip of nail

polish placed across the right headlight gave off a warning glow. The shorter man gave a low whistle as the Ford drew near: it slowed almost to a walk. The two men rushed down and stepped into the car, both holding their doors closed until they were almost a block away, then slamming them shut.

It was a short drive to the city, all were in good spirits, but it wasn't over yet. The long blade was placed in the purse holding the gems along with the gloves worn by the pair, then the purse was put into a paper bag.

A few block inside the city limits the Ford drew up to the curb at a bus stop. The driver stepped out with a paper bag under his arm, the taller man slid over to the wheel and they were on their way again.

The three met later and gloated over their loot — each slept well that night, each a few thousand dollars richer. Each could now relax until the money was gone: no more worries for a few weeks. Then it would start all over again, the same old merry-go-round. But the next time it may be different—the cops may be there, and if they are, the tall man will walk no more, at least for a few years. If he is lucky he may go once, twice — who knows how long? But some day the Ford won't make it back and then there will be bars — bars and high walls for the tall man and his friend. You can only win for so long, then you lose. You lose twenty-four hours a day for three, five or seven years, but some feel it is a game, a game of chance. You win a lot, but all know they must come out a big loser in the end.

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THE SEA GYPSY

*I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on on me
And my soul is in Cathay.*

*There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.*

*I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.*

Richard Hovey

QUALITY QUOTES from PENITENT PENS

THE ATLANTIAN (Atlanta Ga.) There were 125,000 ex-convicts serving in the armed forces and the merchant marine. They held rank from Private to Major and won every decoration except the Medal of Honour.

PENSCOPE (State Penitentiary, W. Virginia.) Some people have an idea that putting out a magazine is easy. From our own experience, and from what we hear other editors tell, it is no picnic. Try pleasing all readers at the same time—get the idea.

THE HARBINGER (Kansa State Industrial Reformatory) "Society prepares the crime, the criminal commits it." The above quotation is correct in all its meanings, but it sometimes should read, "Society prepares the criminal to commit the crime." The better to understand that we need a good definition of society, to wit: A state, nation or group of people bound together in order to live in harmony, with powers to make laws or rules to protect that harmony. Every person is a member of society, but no single person is society. So that any one who breaks these rules of living, automatically — except in some cases— becomes a criminal.

THE BORDER SENTINEL (La Tuna Texas) Erect your oversize penitentiaries if you wish, Society, but for the sake of humanity, do not allow them to operate as schools of crime! Help us, your errant stepchildren, along the path of rehabilitation; give us things to do that hold our interest and keep our minds occupied; teach us the value of a dollar and the sensible use it can be put to; allow us pleasurable pastimes and hobbies to counteract the spark of bitterness in our breast; give us balanced diets of decent foods so that we may learn the fundamentals of proper nutrition; work out a pre-release program of some kind to help us re-adjust ourselves to a world without whistles, bells, steel bars and cement walls.

OUR PAPER (Concord Mass.) Heres something else to think about. This is leap year. And leap year means only one thing. Marriage. But relax..... your safe. This is one place women aren't al-

lowed, so you can forget about being lured into matrimony. The girls can't get in, and we can't get out. An ideal arrangement for a misogynist, but whose a misogynist.

THE EAGLE (Federal Reformatory For Women Alderson W. Virginia.) The producing of a penal publication has two counts against it at the very beginning. One censorship, and the other lethargy on the part of the inmate. One must count stems from the other. Censorship of any written word acts as a damper, almost physical in its intensity. We can almost feel the cottony mold of "censored" closing over our eyes and our tongues. A typical reaction to requests for material is, "Oh, they won't let it go through, I can't write what I want, so count me out!"

THE MONTHLY RECORD (State of Connecticut.) Whether we realize it or not, life in prison has a very great effect on all of us who are on the outside. Every month nearly ten thousand prisoners emerge from the front doors of the penitentiaries in the United States to mingle with society.

We should be very much concerned with the attitude, and the outlook of these men. We don't give that matter enough thought, and that lack of thought on our part is being reflected in the annual statistics released by J. Edgar Hoover each year and showing a steady increase in crime. In the long run, what a man will do to society after he walks out the front door of a prison depends on what society has done to him — while he has been inside the prison.

SHADOWS (Oregon State Penitentiary) After a person has been in prison for five years, or slightly more or less, the guards should desist from counting him, for he is not the man on the commitment papers. Biological science once claimed that our bodies were entirely changed or renewed after seven years. It is now known that the period is considerably shorter: and some biologists place it at six months.

RESTORATOR (New Cumberland, Pennsylvania) Yes, we're here because we're here, but where do we go from here? There are a lot of directions and a plentitude of possibilities. The potential is terrific. This is 1956. That means 1955 plus one. If you were 24 years old in 1955 you'll be 25 in 1956 — that's unalterable. And men change in other ways. For better, for worse, or a blend of both. Its the direction that's important.

ANGOLITE (Louisiana State Pen) Sociologists from the famed McGill University in Canada are trying a new experiment, according to articles current in several penal press publications. They've organized a "Prisoners' Anonymous" along the lines of the AA's, and the group now operating in Montreal, Quebec, has at present 12 full-fledged members, graduates of this prison and that.

The law cannot make all men equal, but they are equal before the law in the sense that their rights are equally the subject of protection and their duties of enforcement.

Sir Frederick Pollock.



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



THE ATLANTIAN (Atlanta Georgia)

Your Spring issue is another bang-up issue, as usual your cover is perfect. We enjoyed your editorial and agree that, and we quote "parole is the one means of release that affords society its greatest measure of protection. Your are to be congratulated on a well laid out magazine and fine, readable contents.

PENSCOPE (West Virginia)

We enjoyed the ghost story by Ison and look forward to more from the same author. Rambling With Editor certainly gives people an idea of the spirit of your institution, we enjoy your efforts.

OUR PAPER (Concord Mass.)

Why Prisons Fail by Ray Rich, how true, how true, for this gem we are awarding you an orchid. And the example you use to illustrate, namely, Chino should convince the most case hardened die hards that to gain trust you must give trust. We send our congratulations.

INSIDER (District of Columbia)

A Gamble On An Incorrigible which you fellows reprinted from Life magazine is one of the finest pieces of human interest literature regarding "parolees" ever written. We enjoyed your editorial and particularly one phrase "why cry about it", this sums it all up.

NEWS & VIEWS (Oklahoma State Reformatory)

We think your March Of Crime feature is a good idea and your page entitled Did You Know carries a lot of handy information. Sorry about our amorous stories, we promise not to repeat. All in all you have a nice little mag.

PAAHAO PRESS (Hawaii)

We are anxiously awaiting the canoe-full of pineapples you awarded us in your March issue. We would like to tell people up here we sell poi but alas there is none to sell. There is one thing we admire about your mag. it is always consistently good.

THE COLONY (Massachusetts)

Sorry you people had to discontinue the series "Lets Present Our Case" but we did enjoy your guest editorial. So You Think You've Got Troubles, your reprint from Agenda via Folsom. Observer is one of our favourites.

** ** ** ** **

The public should recognize the necessity of giving the paroled offender a fair opportunity to earn an honest living and maintain self-respect to the end that he may be truly rehabilitated and the public adequately protected.

* * * *

Sometimes when we stop to think before we speak, it doesn't sound any smarter than if we had blurted it out in the first place.

PERKY POEMS BY PRISONER POETS

Diamonds in the Rough

TO A GIRL NAMED MURPH.

Month after month year after year,
I've always prayed for Murph to be near,
Always with me right by my side,
As though in one two did abide.

Her laughing eyes her gentle smile,
Have walked beside me, mile after mile,
And during my work and even in play,
She's been my companion day after day.

I love this young lady from deep in my heart,
And yearn for the day we're no longer apart,
To make up in part for the faith she has shown,
To me she'll be Murph, my dear one my own.
Rickey.

NORTH COUNTRY

Neath climbing ridge and soaring peak,
Past upward reach of spruce and pine,
Half lost in snow, our footprints scrawl,
Their feeble horizontal line.

With antlike toil we gain a ledge,
Like stubborn beetles bridge a gap,
Or flounder like befuddled bees,
Deep on the mountain's mighty lap.

Not till' between four walls we taste,
The warmth that food and firelight bring,
Does the dwarfed ego recollect,
It's status in the scheme of things.

Philip Hamilton

DISTANCE

I watched the snow from tropic beach,
From beneath a palm that tried to reach,
The white beauty of the snow on mountain side,
Fully unconscious of the tide.

The snow stood white on mountain side,
And I stood, feet washed by tropic tide,
Oblivious to the beauty quite nearby,
And strained my vision to mountain high.

So it follows life long through,
The scene at hand will never do,
If your upon a mountain side,
Your eyes will seek the distant tide.

Gunner.

MOTHER'S LAMENT

How strange it seems to bring a son,
Through life's grave problems one by one,
To keep a vigil at his crib,
To change his diaper and his bib,
To rout the measles and the mumps,
To tend to all his childhood bumps.
To cry a bit as he grows tall,
Yet certain he is worth it all,
And then when you are feeling smug...
To find you've raised a jitter-bug.

Philip Hamilton

RANDOM THOUGHT

Out of the night they flock,
These ghosts of reverie,
To beat their faded wings,
Upon shuttered door of memory.
These nameless things,
Now kiss awake the hopes,
The dreams long dead,
And on my bed
I weep,
For the days that were,
But are no more,
I close the door
And sleep.

William Fritzley.

EMBRACE THE WIND

The swerve of a swallow's flight,
The sun on dancing water,
These you can have and hold,
With a growing daughter.

The very scent of spring-time,
A snowflakes frozen lace,
You can touch and keep with
The quicksilver of her face.

Go embrace the morning wind,
Blow kisses to a star,
A tall young daughter
Is as fair and as far.

Philip Hamilton.

Every man who is high up loves to think he
has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and
lets it go at that. It's only our joke. Every wo-
man knows that.

RADIO AND RECORD RAMBLING

Rocco Morissetti

HERE in the Bay our entertainment is rather limited. We depend on radio and recordings for most of our entertainment, since our TVs are on the blink lately.

Al (Squint) Corrie has replaced Ralph Parks, better known as 'Senator Fogbound' alias 'The Nod' as radio room operator. Ralph was in charge for almost two years and handled the job like a real pro D.J. I for one miss his thebe song 'I've got to go now' by Jerri Southern. Our friend Al, by the way, is badly hooked to the 'Wabash Cannon Ball' eh podner?

You jazz buffs should give a listen to Dick McDougall's 'Jazz Unlimited' Saturday afternoons. Dick has a session of progressive, or West Coast jazz, and one on traditional jazz. Being a member of the 'cool school' I prefer West Coast, especially Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker. These guys really blow. By the way we have a fine L.P. by Chet entitled 'Chet Sings and Plays.'

Just grabbed a bit of a Sarah Vaughan Album titled 'Sarah Vaughan in the Land of Hi-Fi.' Its mellow, man — Sarah goes all out on this one and is backed by a real swingin' group.

Another popular disc jockey in the Bay is Byng Whittaker — 'Byng's Choice' — Saturday at One P.M. This big fellow never bores us with commercials. Thanks, Byng, your music is tops. Of course I'm biased for C.J.-B.C. anyway.

Just read that Norm Amadio is going to play in New York's Birdland. This boy is certainly going places. A few years ago he used to play at the Mercury Club's Amateur Program Saturday afternoons, and lately this very talented pianist has been backing singers like Carmen McRae and Beverley Kenney. Good luck, Norm.

By the way, this gal Beverley Kenney is really the sweetest. You'll agree if you hear

her sing 'Crap Husler' 'Sweet Lorraine' and 'My Ball and Chain.' On these numbers she's backed by the Johnny Smith Group.

One of the best week-end programs is Monitor. Its real informative, excellent news coverage, interviews, well-known personalities, and wonderful satire is provided by Bob and Ray.

Dave Garroway is one of their better-known commentators and is a superb blend of suaveness coupled with a relaxed intimate manner that is most refreshing, and their panel show 'Meet the Press' is particularly noteworthy.

When that gal gives the weather report on Monitor yours truly is standing on the bed with his ear to the speaker, just drooling. Wow, what a voice!

Flash! Al (Tex, Hopalong, Skipalong) just informed us of the spine-chilling, blood-curdling fact that he has received one hundred and twenty-five (yes, that right — 125) records of country music. Gad, a veritable treasure trove of laments, protestations of undying love and nasally-intoned verses about the singer's last love.

Richard Scott, C.K.E.Y., is certainly the most popular news commentator here at the Bay on the 12.30 P.M. news. You don't believe me? Let Al just forget to switch him on sometime!

For the classic lovers, the Firestone Hour, R.C.A. Record Album, Strings for Friday and the Woolworth Hour, which is a live show each Sunday, present us with very soothing music.

I saw a picture of Hazel Scott in a Mag the other day sporting a white mink. I wonder if she and Prophet Jones take turns wearing it?

The question of the month is — "Will the five-day week interfere with the six-day bicycle race?

If you like this column, tell your friends — if you don't keep it to yourself.

Russian weather broadcast: "Tomorrow will be sunny. Thats an order!"



The Mail Box

OUR YOUNGEST ADMIRER

Dear Editor:

My sincerest apologies for not receiving the Diamond sooner.

I must confess the March issue was laying around unopened due to the confusion here in this household of eight. Flu struck, my husband smashed the car, and I broke my glasses (not in the car).

You may thank Baby Margaret — she chewed up the C.B. Ds envelope to get at the contents, thus putting the Diamond in the spotlight again where it belongs.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs A.H. McD.
Edwards, Ont.

Dear Mrs A.H. McD.

Your apologies are quite unnecessary, with all the misfortune you had in such a short time and still you took time to write us, it is we who should be apologizing to you.

Baby Margaret has found out something very early in life and that is, the Diamond is a girl's best friend, but please caution her, the contents are mentally stimulating not bodily nourishing.

We wonder on reading that you are a family of eight whether one Diamond is sufficient or whether you should have one for each member of your household. Seriously, though, we are so pleased that you enjoy our efforts and hope that we may continue to please you.

Your very truly
The Editor

This is from New York

Dear Editor:

Your consideration of the following request will be deeply appreciated. Please send us a copy of your magazine for our files.

Chief of the Acquisition Branch,
The New York Public Library,
Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street
New York 18, New York.

Dear Sir:

It is with great pleasure that we comply with your request, and we have entered your name for a three year complimentary subscription. Now we are sitting back wondering what we can ask your organization to do for us. In a complimentary way, that is. This mercenary attitude of ours annoys some people — this we are fully aware of, but business is circulation, circulation is money, and money — well, we all know what money is. Thanking you for your interest, we remain,

*Yours,
The Staff*

A Toronto Admirer

Dear Editor:

Please renew my subscription to The Diamond for one more year. Please find enclosed the sum of \$1.00.

I look forward eagerly each month to your magazine and the wonderful reading it contains. I derive real pleasure from each issue — keep up the good work.

*Sincerely,
Miss J.B.,
Huron St., Toronto.*

Dear Miss J.B.

Thank you very much for the very encouraging letter. It is encouraging to know that people look forward to our issues. Of late there have been so many letters from feminine subscribers that we are seriously considering instituting a page of women's fashion news. In fact a letter is already winging its posted way to none other than Christian Dior of Paris, who is alleged to know somewhat of femme fashions. This letter contains an offer from us for the House of Dior fashion service.

... Trusting we continue to please you, we remain

The Diamond Staff.

Dear Diamond Staff:

Just a few lines to say "hello" and to tell you how much I enjoy your publication. Each issue gives me great satisfaction and enjoyment, and I have often remarked that many

of our present day magazines would do well if they could copy your style.

It amazes me that such a broadminded journal is published inside a prison and must admit that many of my ideas of prisoners have changed since reading the Diamond. I shall attempt to sell some subscriptions to some of my friends here in Hamilton and shall pass them on to you, in the meantime plenty of luck and keep up your fine work.

Sincerely,
Miss L. Lawrence,
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Miss Lawrence:

All we can say is Gosh Thanks, what did we do to deserve all this, we are speechless.

The Staff.

An Oakvillian

Dear C.B. Diamond:

Please enter my subscription for one year (\$1 enclosed) starting with the first issue. Good luck.

J.C. Smith,
Oakville, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Thank you very much for your very welcome dollar. We note with interest that our list of Oakville subscribers is growing, and having some knowledge of this prosperous little town, we are pleased no end. Knowing full well the old saying which goes 'great Oakvilles from little acorns grow' the word grow immediately makes us think of the growing industrial section of your town. We wonder whether you would put the word around amongst the Ford employees that Ford stock is just as acceptable to us as money. Trusting we may continue to serve you.

C.B. Diamond

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find a renewal to the Diamond magazine which I enjoy reading and passing on to the neighbours (2.50 for 3 years).

Mrs J. Weatherley,
South Fort George, B.C.

Dear Mrs. Weatherley:

Your \$2.50 arrived at a most opportune time. Two of our staff members had lost large sums on the outcome of the Stanley Cup and unbeknown to us they had pledged both our typewriters. With your \$2.50 we regained the typewriters from the bailiffs before they left the property, so you can see your money has

kept us in business. With betting on horse races, hockey games, boxing matches and people, the gaming element of our large staff manage to keep us broke. However, boys will be boys.

Seriously, though, we appreciate the fact that you hand the magazine around to your neighbours — this proves to us that you approve of it. In passing, may we say you certainly love your neighbours! Thanks for everything.

We remain,
The Staff.

Dear Editor:

You may publish this letter if you see fit, however I make one stipulation: merely use my initials.

I have been a Diamond subscriber for four years and have always found the magazine very interesting and well worth the dollar a year. I have at all times made it a point to tell my friends about your publication and have gained many subscribers for you. As the chairwoman of many women's organizations I have told many groups about your splendid work and particularly since the Inside Collin's Bay series has been running. The pictures make it so much easier to explain to people what you boys are trying to do and what you are like.

It is my firm belief that for you men to make good when you leave prison people must understand and know what you are like. For remember, people are never afraid of anything they understand and your series are certainly clearing up many doubts that existed in the public's minds. In closing may I wish you and your staff all the best and hope you continue in your good work.

Miss. L.F.T.

Soughing wind and smoke carrying clouds,
War has passed and these are her shrouds.
Groups of frightened people cluster
While trumpets call scattered troops to muster.
Everyday comforts and standards disrupted,
All is chaos and terror, war erupted,
Families split and aimlessly wander,
Knowledge hard gained they recklessly squander.
Peace will come, it seems to follow,
Leaving the victor with glory so hollow.
Friends now foes, and foe finds friend,
This seems the inevitable end!

Gunner

Nine Years Old

W. Huddlestone

IN the year 1912 the Broadview 'Y' was built to help build strong minds and bodies for our youth. Since then the Broadview 'Y' has developed many good men. It is a place well known to all in the east end of Toronto, and even the kids in Toronto's eyesore — 'Cabbagetown.'

This 'Y', to many young boys, was a place where they could go to get away from the traffic and filth of the heavy industry of downtown. Since 1912 there has been an estimated 10,000,000 men and boys pass through the pool at the 'Y'. They have had their fun and gone home happy, all but one. The one I speak of is a boy named "Butch" — he was just nine years old when he entered the 'Y' for the first time. "Butch" had been taken as a guest by his playmate Ernest Butler. Ernest, who has a fear of the water, decided to play with a ball in the gym while Butch, who had been taught to swim by his aunt Mary — the holder of medals won in school for her swimming — decided he would join a group of other boys for a plunge in the pool.

The Instructor, Mr. Davidson, watched little "Butch" for a while and he seemed to be doing well. A short time later Mr. Davidson saw little "Butch" lying in the pool. He quickly cleared the water and brought "Butch" from it — the water he had loved so much.

"Y" officials worked on "Butch" until Dr. A.C. Bodrug and firemen arrived — they worked in teams for many hours, but all attempts failed to bring back the smile to his face, the smile he always seemed to wear, the smile that could make you forget your own troubles and look on the happy side of life.

Dr. Bodrug remarked "I hated it when I had finally to say 'stop'."

This tragic accident has left many people with heavy hearts — his mother, his father, and his little Aunt Mary, all well known to this writer. Any one of these would have given anything to be able to hear him speak again, to see his smiling face, or run their hands through his blonde hair. There is so much we would like to do, so many things we want to say. We would like to show you how much we really

love you but we can't. We are helpless "Butch" there is nothing we can trade or give that will bring you back, not even our lives.

I do not ask why the Lord has taken you from us, but in my prayers I thanked Him for giving us the privilege of sharing your love for the nine years you were with us.

Some people feel it is a shame that one so young should be taken from us. I, too, feel it is a shame, but on the other hand, he may have been taken to save him the grief and heartbreak of everyday life.

Although I am Catholic and I do go to church, I do not know my bible too well. I do remember somewhere in the good book it says "God made man in His own likeness" and if this be the case with "Butch", then God must be a beautiful person.

I will always believe God has taken little "Butch" to save him from being hurt by mortal man — He has taken little "Butch" to a home more beautiful than any our small minds could imagine.

I know "Butch's" father and mother will suffer no end because of their great loss. I hope with all my heart they will accept it as it is and not let it tear them down.

If prayer will help little Bobby Easter in his new home, you may be sure he will receive help from inside these prison walls.

AWAKENING

April comes and brings the sun,
Trees awaken soon sap will run,
First warm winds and then the showers,
Will bring the buds and early flowers.

All life quietly stirs and wakes,
Anything tardy the spring breeze shakes,
Soon colors appear in mad carnival,
Show to complete the spring festival.

Gunner.

Fellow received a copy of Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of China and India." His five-year-old son was attracted by the colourful jacket and grabbed the copy. Father grabs it back. "Lay off, you oaf," commanded his wife, "Stop taking Gandhi from a baby."

JUSTICE ONLY, PLEASE

Bill Jones

A SMASH Broadway hit of some years ago was a play titled "Within the Law." The story, briefly, was that of a female sales clerk who was framed by a fellow-worker, tried and convicted. All the evidence against the accused was circumstantial, and before passing sentence the presiding judge asked if the defendant had anything to say for herself. She could but protest her innocence. When the man for whom she worked was asked to testify, he gave a long harangue about being victimised and so forth, and screamed for blood. As a result of this scathing indictment, the girl was sentenced to five years in prison for a crime she did not commit.

During the years of her imprisonment she devoted every waking free hour to a study of the law and how she, upon release, could operate larcenously but 'within the law.' Can one wonder at her bitterness?

When she was released she started her career of crime and, backed by her knowledge of legal angles, made a success of blackmail, extortion, fraud and similar felonies. Her crowning achievement was when she skilfully manœuvred the son of the man who had so harshly castigated her years before into falling in love with her. In due course they married and her triumph of revenge was complete when she first confronted her father-in-law. Now, indeed, had the prey become the hunter and vice versa. Oh yes, the mighty prosecutor was humbled to the dust and, forgetting his ruthless treatment of the girl in the past when a word from him could have saved five years of her life, he now poured forth a torrent of pleas for mercy and consideration. Her reply constituted the punch-line of the play. It was this. 'Five years ago you took my good name and gave me a number — now I have your name and you've got my number.'

Of course it sounds far-fetched, and you will probably say "it could only happen in a play." There is, however, in this situation a very fine point that could apply to each of us who is guilty of some crime and those who pressed the charge. Speaking personally, I was not framed and all I hoped for was justice tempered by mercy. One does not mingle daily, however, with several hundreds in a similar position without hearing of instances where the punishment meted out has NOT been tempered by mercy.

The point we try to make forcefully is that a long sentence defeats any attempt at rehabilitation because of the bitterness created BEFORE rehabilitation is tried. Granted a first offender is more worthy of consideration than an oft-time repeater, but who, other than God, can say that a man is incorrigible. 'Judge not lest ye be judged.' Why not assume that the offence for which a man has been tried and convicted is his LAST offence? If this were presumed, the fourth-time Toser, for a theft of a hundred dollars, would not receive a five-year sentence while the first offender for fifty thousand gets two years less a day.

Business is very cold-blooded and in order to recover a financial loss by insurance, an employer must prosecute a thief and get a conviction. Must he, though, go out of his way to influence a maximum penalty? Can he not be satisfied with the loss of good name, credit standing, family humiliation and suffering without rubbing salt into the wound? We think so. The man who TESTIFIES AGAINST today may be TESTIFIED AGAINST tomorrow. Would he want the same treatment accorded him he had demanded against someone else? No.

As Shakespeare wrote 'the quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.' Let us all hope that humanity may progress to the point where, regardless of the degree of guilt, the punishment may fit the crime. Then — and only then — can rehabilitation become a working, factual accomplishment.

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CERTAIN CONDITIONS

One of the joys of my married life,
Is window shopping with my wife,
Provided, of course, we go at night
When doors to stores are locked up tight,
And the town we're in to her great sorrow,
Is one we won't be in tomorrow!

Phil. Hamilton



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY??

DO YOU FEEL IT IS ADVISABLE TO RETURN TO THE CITY OR TOWN OF YOUR ARREST ON YOUR RELEASE, OR ATTEMPT TO RE-ESTABLISH YOURSELF IN A CITY OR TOWN WHERE YOU ARE NOT KNOWN???????

FIRST ANSWER. I feel that if a man has just been convicted once he can return to his own city or town. After all why not? He has paid his debt to society and with a little effort on his part to help himself people will soon accept him on the same plane as he previously enjoyed. I feel too that the ex-inmate must be willing to accept society and get the idea out of his mind that what we term society is against him.

SECOND ANSWER. Depends on the size of the town or city whether or not he should return, in a big city he is just another man, in a small town he is "the man who done time." I personally feel a geographical change would be beneficial if a man intends to go straight. However if the man has no intention of going straight he will find the wrong type of friends no matter where he goes so he may as well return to his own town. Myself I have no plans, I still have three years to go but I do a lot of thinking, how about asking me in 59.

THIRD ANSWER. Perfectly all right to return to the home town and impress the home town people by his progress. Why go some place where they do not know you so that if you do make good the folks back home never hear about it. By all means go home, for if you cannot make good where you are known where can you make good.

FOURTH ANSWER. Good question this, I am led to understand the police of some cities have a habit of checking up on ex-convicts. Of course I am not sure of this but I shall go to a strange city where I am not known so there will be no chance of them bothering me. I wish to rehabilitate myself and shall go somewhere I can do it without interference. I shall never look for trouble again!

FIFTH ANSWER. My family are in the city where I was arrested so I must return there to assume my responsibility as a breadwinner. Besides I have many good friends who have faith in me in my own city so that is where I am going.

SIXTH ANSWER. It doesn't matter really, it all depends on the individual, personally I think he is better off going back to his own town or city where he is known and there is the possibility of one of his friends giving him a job. Plus, if the man knows the ex-inmates background no one else can then go and inform the employer of the man's criminal past. Now one more point many of his friends and acquaintances would be pulling for him.

Friends are really necessary for a man to get back on his feet, no man is self sufficient, even without a record.

SEVENTH ANSWER. A geographical change is a good move IF a man really is going to go straight but I stress the IF. If he does not intend to "go straight" he will find the wrong kind of people anywhere he goes so he may as well go back to his old haunts, this will save him a journey at least. So I boil my answer down to this, if a man is going to go straight he can do it as well in his own town as well as in a strange city. Besides if a man is big enough to go back and face the people who know all about him they will certainly have new respect for him.

EIGHTH ANSWER. Well it does not matter where I go on my release, my home is on the west coast and there is very little chance of me going back there for awhile so I shall go to a large town. The town or city does not matter for I am not known in the east, I shall just be another citizen. I am not saying I shall go straight, mind you I will try, as long as I leave the booze alone I shall be O.K. It is not all the fault of liquor either, the urge is in me to steal and the booze just relaxes me enough to try and get away with thefts.

NINTH ANSWER. I am going to a large center, on my release. The John Howard Society will be asked by me to render after release care. This way I shall have guidance and there will be very little chance for me to get into any more trouble. This way if I am involved it will be my own fault. I know I need some kind of guidance after doing the sentence I am finishing I shall be practically a new born babe. There is something else too, I do not know anyone in the city where I am going so the help I get from the Society will really put me on my feet.

TENTH ANSWER. I am lucky I am not a native of the city where I was pinched so I shall be quite safe in returning to my own town. And luckily very few people know where I have been in my own town. This way all I have to do is behave myself and there will be no repercussions. Believe me this sentence has cured me, my freedom means something to me now, from now on I shall be the model citizen.

A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration

COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....	Warden and Senior Officer
DAVID M. McLEAN	Deputy Warden
HERBERT FIELD.....	Chief Keeper
FRED SMITH.....	Principal Keeper
WILLIAM DOWNTON.....	Chief Vocational Officer
EDWARD OGILVIE.....	Chief Trade Instructor
HAYDN MINTON.....	Chief Accountant
HAAKON HAMNES.....	Chief Engineer
FREDERICK HARRIS.....	Warden's Secretary
CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....	Chief Steward
HOWARD PUTNAM	Storekeeper
CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....	Supervisor, School and Library Dept.
FELIX McALLISTER.....	Schoolteacher
HARRY MALBUT	Deputy Warden's Secretary
JAMES DONALDSON.....	Censor
JAMES EDMUND.....	Physical Training Instructor
REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D.....	Protestant Chaplain
REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J.....	Roman Catholic Chaplain

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***Department of Justice, Penitentiaries Branch
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NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune. Anon.

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SUPPORT

YOUR LOCAL

RED CROSS

BLOOD BANK

~ LUCK ~

*What brings you, sailor, home from the sea—
Coffers of gold and of ivory?
When first I went to sea as a lad
A new jack-knife was all I had:
And I've sailed for fifty years and three
To the coasts of gold and ivory:
And now at the end of a lucky life,
Well, still I've got my old jack-knife.*

by Wilfred Gibson

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